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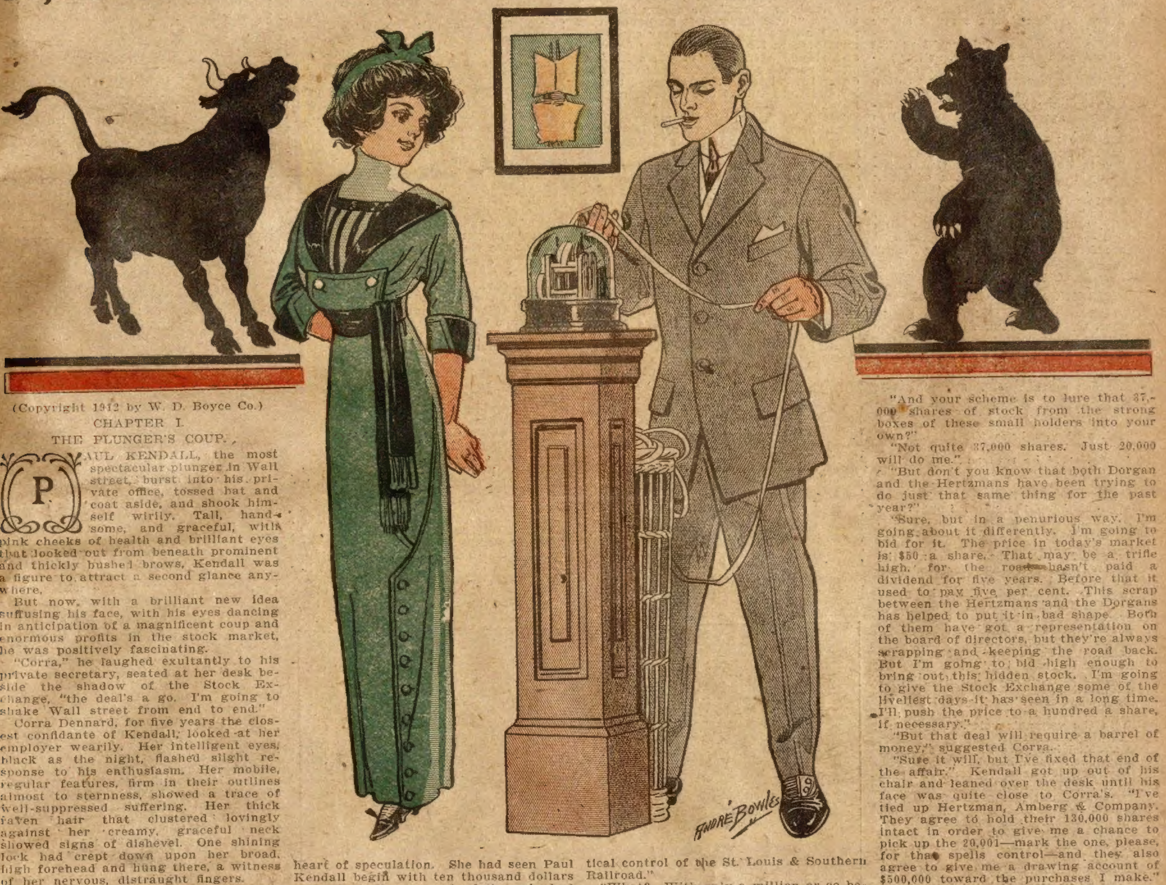
The Wall Street Nemesis;

Or, A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE

By George T. Hargreaves



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CHAPTER I.

THE PLUNGER'S COUP.

PAUL KENDALL, the most spectacular plunger in Wall street, burst into his private office, tossed hat and coat aside, and shook himself wirily. Tall, handsome, and graceful, with pink cheeks of health and brilliant eyes that looked out from beneath prominent and thickly bushed brows, Kendall was a figure to attract a second glance anywhere.

But now, with a brilliant new idea suffusing his face, with his eyes dancing in anticipation of a magnificent coup and enormous profits in the stock market, he was positively fascinating.

"Corra," he laughed exultantly to his private secretary, seated at her desk beside the shadow of the Stock Exchange, "the deal's a go. I'm going to shake Wall street from end to end."

Corra Dennard, for five years the closest confidante of Kendall, looked at her employer wearily. Her intelligent eyes, black as the night, flashed slight response to his enthusiasm. Her mobile, regular features, firm in their outlines almost to sternness, showed a trace of well-suppressed suffering. Her thick raven hair that clustered lovingly against her creamy, graceful neck showed signs of dishevel. One shining lock had crept down upon her broad, high forehead and hung there, a witness of her nervous, distraught fingers.

Kendall gave her a hurried, questioning glance.

"Come, girl," he chuckled, sinking into the capacious chair at his desk, "why don't you get enthusiastic, too? Why don't you ask me about the details? You're in on the deal, you know. I don't believe I could carry it out without the aid of your keen advice. Do you know, Corra, you're a wonder at speculation? You almost make me think sometimes that you're endowed with second sight, your judgment is so shrewd—and so accurate. Come, give me your opinion."

"Don't you think you could carry through the deal without me?" she asked, rising slowly. Her long, slender fingers were spasmodically twirling a newspaper clipping at which she occasionally glanced with eyes a cross between anger and worry.

"Without you?" Kendall repeated incredulously. "Not on your life!" And he clapped his clenched hand harshly down upon his desk. "It's going to take every last bit of ingenuity and skill and foresight and daring and—and money that we've got to carry it through. But when we've won, there'll be a million dollars of booty for us to divide. Do you hear? A million dollars!"

Miss Dennard's eyebrows lifted slightly in surprise. She had grown used to the mention of huge sums of money through nearly ten years' experience close to the heart of speculation. She had seen Paul Kendall begin with ten thousand dollars—the final allowance of a father who had grown weary of his only son's uselessness and prodigality—and through daring, clever deals increased it to nearly a million.

And it is no more than her due to say that her advice and suggestion, at times almost uncanny in prognosticating the course of stock market prices, was very largely responsible for the accumulation of the younger Kendall's pile. But a million from a million? It seemed incredible even in Wall street, where fortunes are made and lost sometimes between two days. Her woman's curiosity demanded an explanation.

"Those are unusual profits," she said quietly, making her way to his desk. She rested her elbows upon its top and braced her purposeful chin in outspread hands. "Just how do you purpose to do it?"

Kendall looked up at her face with glowing eyes. A connoisseur in feminine beauty, he did not fail to note the full, round forearms from which his secretary's loose sleeves had fallen. He caught a glimpse of the white, voluptuous neck showing through the midnight coiffure. He saw the power of an unusual woman in her deep-set eyes. Then he shook his head vigorously, as if to divert his mind from the picture she made to the business in hand.

"Corra," he whispered, leaning forward earnestly, "I'm going to get practical control of the St. Louis & Southern Railroad."

"What? With only a million or so behind you?" She smiled incredulously.

"Listen! I'm going to get it away from the two great financial cliques that have been after it for a year."

"The task looks monumental," interrupted the secretary, crisply. "Hertzman, Amberg & Company have been trying to get control of that road for a year or more, and they have unlimited means."

"Oh, I'm not saying the job is easy!" and Kendall shook his head doubtfully. "It's going to take a devil of a lot of clever and secret work, but we'll do it just the same."

"But how?" asked Miss Dennard, showing a brightening interest.

"Corra, in the first place," went on the speculator, in low tones, "this is a double-dyed secret. No one must know about the details of this scheme. The situation is this: The capital stock of the St. Louis & Southern is $30,000,000 in $100 shares. That makes 300,000 shares. The combination that wants to control the road must control at least 150,001 shares. Hertzman, Amberg & Company have control of 130,000 shares. Their greatest rivals, Dorgan & Company, have 133,000 shares. Between them they have 263,000. That means that there are 37,000 shares of the stock of that road in the hands of individual investors throughout the country who don't propose to sell."

"And your scheme is to lure that 37,000 shares of stock from the strong boxes of these small holders into your own?"

"Not quite 37,000 shares. Just 20,000 will do me."

"But don't you know that both Dorgan and the Hertzmans have been trying to do just that same thing for the past year?"

"Sure, but in a penurious way. I'm going about it differently. I'm going to bid for it. The price in today's market is $50 a share. That may be a trifle high, for the road hasn't paid a dividend for five years. Before that it used to pay five per cent. This scrap between the Hertzmans and the Dorgans has helped to put it in bad shape. Both of them have got a representation on the board of directors, but they're always scrapping and keeping the road back. But I'm going to bid high enough to bring out this hidden stock. I'm going to give the Stock Exchange some of the liveliest days it has seen in a long time. I'll push the price to a hundred a share, if necessary."

"But that deal will require a barrel of money," suggested Corra.

"Sure it will, but I've fixed that end of the affair." Kendall got up out of his chair and leaned over the desk until his face was quite close to Corra's. "I've tied up Hertzman, Amberg & Company. They agree to hold their 130,000 shares intact in order to give me a chance to pick up the 20,001—mark the one, please, for that spells control—and they also agree to give me a drawing account of $500,000 toward the purchases I make."

"But why couldn't they work this deal themselves without putting it into your hands?" quizzed the secretary.

"They've gone as far as they can. They've exhausted every stock market device they know of to draw out the stock they need. They've spread calamity stories about its condition. They've talked about an assessment upon the shares. They've hinted at huge deficits. They've done everything in dirty finance except bidding up the price, and you know they're too tight-fisted to do that."

"But why didn't you try to make deal with Dorgan & Company? They hold 133,000 shares, 3,000 more than the Hertzmans. Those 3,000 might mean success or failure."

"I couldn't do a thing with the house of Dorgan, Corra. You know they've never forgiven me for the time I forced them to pay two prices for the 10,000 shares of Northern Pacific they wanted to get in a hurry."

"But where are your big profits coming in?" inquired the secretary, incredulously.

"My dear girl, I never knew you to have so many 'buts' in a controversy," said Kendall, sinking back, impatiently into the depths of his chair. "Profits?" and he laughed heartily. "That's the secret. The Hertzman concern wants to get control of the St. Louis & Southern Railroad to sell it to the Pacific & Gulf Coast Road. The Pacific wants to gain an entrance into Chicago the very worst way. It can't afford to build one, so the easiest way is to buy one. The St. Louis & Southern would furnish the desired link. The Pacific is willing to pay $11,000,000 for the majority stock of that link. They've tried to get hold of it in various ways for less, and can't. The Hertzmans promise that if I can get enough stock to make a majority holding with theirs, they'll put theirs in for $8,500,000. That's at least a million more than it cost them, I'm sure. Well, I figure I ought to be able to secure the necessary 20,000 shares to make the majority at an average of not more than $75 a share. That would make their total cost $1,500,000. Hertzman's price of $8,500,000 and my $1,500,000 makes $10,000,000. When the Pacific & Gulf Coast hands over the $11,00,000 for the entire block, there'll be just an even million of velvet in it for me—for us," and Kendall chuckled confidently.

"But you'll need a million or more to finance your end of it," Corra interposed.

"There you go again with another 'but.' Fortunately, that's easy. I think between us we can gather together a million. The other half-million we may need to buy up the 20,000 shares we can raise by borrowing on the stock as we go along."

"So if you're successful, you'll pocket a million," said the secretary, as her fingers pressed tensely against her cheeks, "while if you lose, you're likely to drop the bulk of your fortune?"

"Well, in a way you're right," exclaimed the speculator, pursing his lips impatiently.

"And how long is this deal to run?"

"The Hertzmans have given me three months to deliver. They've tied themselves up to hold their block of stock that long. But I won't need that long. I want to put it through in thirty days. And then," Kendall rose and stretched proudly, "I'll put the million of profits into gilt-edged four per cent bonds, and be safe from the poorhouse ever after."

CHAPTER II.

THE ENGAGEMENT NOTICE.

Corra Dennard, a warning firmness in her face, walked around the end of her employer's desk, and with fingers that shook slowly spread out the newspaper clipping that she had nervously clutched during Kendall's explanation of his proposed stock market deal. She placed it upon the white pad, and, with rigid forefinger directed to the excerpt, she said evenly:

"Paul, will you have the kindness to explain this item to me?"

"What item?" he returned sharply.

"This." She tapped her finger upon the clipping, with a significance that brought a frown to the brow of Kendall.

He grabbed up the paper impatiently and read the few lines it held hurriedly. It was a simple engagement notice and ran:

"Mr. and Mrs. Astorham announce the engagement of their daughter Madelyne Allyne to Mr. Paul Kendall. The marriage, it is understood, will take place late in the fall."

For want of a better question, the speculator asked brusquely:

"Where did you get this?"

"I clipped it out of the society column of the Star this morning."

Corra's eyes searched her employer's face feverishly.

"Well, what of it?" he inquired lightly.

"Paul, is that true?" There was anguish in the woman's voice. Apprehension strained her face.

He avoided her gaze as he tossed the clipping back upon his desk.

"Why, yes, it's true, I guess," he said flippantly. "Why not?"

She reached out and grabbed his arm impulsively.

"Paul Kendall," she gasped bitterly, "can you stand there and calmly admit that you intend to marry another woman—than me?"

He turned his furtive gaze defiantly upon her as he tried to draw away from her grip.

"What the clipping says is perfectly true," he said, almost in a snarl.

"But I have a prior right to your name," she whispered tensely.

"You? Oh, pshaw!" Kendall laughed provokingly.

"Yes, I!" Corra exclaimed, and her firm chin seemed to set like steel, "if ever a woman had."

"Forget it," he said snappily, and he closed his hand over the one she had upon his arm and pushed hers away.

Anger that might well have frightened any man flashed from the woman's eyes. She clutched her hands tensely as if to control herself. Then she stepped quite close to him, and with her face so near to his that he could feel her hot breath, she burst forth:

"Paul Kendall, am I to understand that you are jilting me?"

"Why jilting you?" he protested lightly. "You don't suppose that I really intended to marry you, do you?"

She was holding herself in check by a mighty effort now. Her eyes blazed with the fury of a tigress at bay.

"Marry you?" she repeated. "My God, man, haven't you told me a dozen times that you would marry me? And haven't I, in consequence, been all to you that any woman could be?"

"Oh, pshaw, Corra!" Kendall protested. "You don't mean to say that you have been taking our pleasant little flirtation seriously?"

"Paul Kendall," she blazed, "it hasn't been a pleasant little flirtation! It has been serious—serious as any love-making Heaven ever witnessed. You can't be fooling with me now—after all I have been to you?"

"Now, see here, Corra," the speculator began, as he backed toward the window, "don't be foolish. You're only my secretary—mighty clever and handsome and entertaining and all that, but still you're only my employe. I'm from the best blood in the aristocracy of this old town. I've got to marry somebody in my own set. I couldn't marry you. You haven't got a family tree to refer to. Now be reasonable."

The mouth of the woman twitched with pain. She threw back one hand to grasp the edge of the desk for support. For a moment her contorted throat refused to voice the words that welled from her tortured heart. Like a tragic panorama there unfolded before her mind's eye the innumerable scenes in which Paul Kendall had pledged his love to her, and she, in perfect confidence, had believed him implicitly.

"My family may not possess such an old name as yours," she finally managed to say; "but I know it is an honest one, and I'm sure it does not bear the stain, anywhere in its line, of having deceived and ruined a trusting woman's life."

She paused a moment as her face suddenly turned tender. She moved toward Kendall and thrust out an arm appealingly.

"Paul, Paul, don't throw me over!" she exclaimed, with an effort at calmness. "Don't! You can't forget how happy we have been together." Her voice trailed down almost to a whisper. Then with eyes misty with emotion she went on: "Don't you remember the first time you asked me to be your wife?"

The harried speculator cast one furtive glance at the suffering woman and shrugged his shoulders as he turned anew to the window.

"It was down on the grassy slopes of old Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island," Corra continued, in a half-reverie. "We had gone down there for a Saturday afternoon outing. It was such a glorious autumn day. We climed to the highest point on the great embankment. Far behind us stood the stretch of woods that nature had touched into beautiful shades. Far down in front of us stretched old ocean with the sun gilding its rippling surface with shades that outdid those of the land. We sat down just beneath the frowning muzzle of a great gun. It was all so quiet, so romantic, and so magnificent. Don't you remember, Paul?"

She bent forward with arms stretched supplicatingly toward Kendall. But he shrank as far away as the wall of the window would permit. In that slight movement of retreat, she felt instinctively that her appeal to the better nature of the man who had won her love was futile. Yet the recollection of that first proposal would not be silenced.

"You caught up my hand," she whispered tensely, "and pressed it. You pointed far out to sea, said you wished that you and I were out there together, alone and forever. Then you asked if my wish were not the same. And when I breathed 'Yes,' you caught me in your arms and kissed me and called me 'wife.' Don't you remember, Paul, don't you remember?"

But Kendall gazed coolly out of the window, and with a shrug replied: "Maybe there was something like that. I don't remember exactly. That was a long time ago."

Corra's eyes flamed anew with anger. The restraint she had exercised gave way suddenly. The voice that with an effort she had kept calm and sweet turned sharp and biting as she exclaimed:

"A long time ago, eh? Yes, but a hundred times since then you have repeated your intention to make me your wife. It has been the one glowing star in my dark life. I have cherished that hope as my salvation. I have been sustained with the belief that you honestly meant to give me your name, to repay in that way the sacrifices I have made for you. And now—now—after having monopolized five years of what should be the sweetest part of every woman's life, you calmly, yes, insultingly tell me that you're through with me. Paul Kendall, you can't, you can't mean it!"

The speculator, smarting under this appeal, turned sharply upon his secretary. There was venom in his voice as he taunted:

"Five years, eh? Well, haven't I cared for you well during that time? Haven't you had all the clothes you wanted to wear? Haven't you had all the delicious things you wanted to eat? You've had the theater and the auto rides whenever you wanted them. As for salary, I could have hired a competent secretary for half the price I paid you. And haven't I let you share in some of my best deals and given you ungrudgingly a handsome share of the profits? How much have you got salted away, anyway, as the result of my bounty?"

Corra's eyes, had they been flame, would have seared their way to Kendall's heart. One hand sought her bosom, the other gripped a chair for support. Her lips quivered the barest trifle. She tried to speak, but the words clogged in her throat. But the spell of angry passion lasted but an instant.

"I presume I have as much as a hundred thousand dollars saved," she said brokenly. "I was saving it to put into our home." There was a plaintive, heart straining appeal in her last words.

It must have touched Kendall, for he stepped quickly to the woman's side. Patting her gently upon the shoulder, he soothingly counseled.

"Come, now, Corra, be reasonable. Let's forget this outbreak. You see it's plain enough that I can't marry you. Yet I'm fond of you. I want you to stay in the office here. As I said, I'll give you a big share of the profits in this new deal. I need your advice and suggestion. Come, let's be good fellows again," and he circled his arm about her waist.

She threw it off as she would a viper. She darted away from him and then turned passionately and faced him.

"Good fellows, eh?" she blazed. "That's your idea of me, is it? Well, you've made an awful mistake. I trusted you, Paul Kendall, trusted you with my all. You've deceived me. My God, man, do you realize that you are throwing me over?" She paused a moment until her panting anger had partly subsided. Then she went on as bitterly as before: "I loved you, Paul, with all my heart. You must know that. Else how could I have been to you what I have? And you're throwing me over. Well, if it is your decision, all right. I'll never crave again for that which is my right. I'll leave you to your own miserable devices."

"What are you going to do?" asl Kendall, alarmed by the wildness in t woman's face. "You're not going to

"No, I'm not going to commit suicid she broke in bitterly. "I've got a sis and a father to look after. I would shame them by such an act. And besides——"

"Besides what?" quesried the speculator, as she hesitated.

"I've got a debt to pay," Corra fairly hissed, "that is going to require every last bit of my time and energy and skill. It may take a long time. But I'm going to pay it."

"What debt is that?"

"Believe me, Paul Kendall, you craven, you will know soon enough."

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER WOMAN'S WOE.

Corra Dennard, quivering with excitement, bounded out of the offices of Paul Kendall. Her head was throbbing violently. Her heart was straining as though it would burst. She felt that if she remained there another instant she would give way to violent hysterics.

To calm herself she descended to the street. Through the maelstrom of hustling humanity she edged her way up Wall street. From the opened windows of the Stock Exchange came the subdued hum of the trading. Up out of Broad street rose the raucous cries of the busy brokers in the curb market. Her heart cried in revulsion against the whole financial district with its chicanery, its treachery, its heartburnings, and its ruin. She was sick of it all. She wanted to get away from it.

Up the street she went to Broadway. She looked up at the gilded hands of the clock on old Trinity Church. It was about to strike two. The market would not close until three. After years of close association with it, it seemed impossible for her to leave for home until the exchange closed. That would be heresy for an employe in the financial district.

So, to wear away the time, she dodged across crowded Broadway and wandered into old Trinity's historic churchyard. Studying the crumbling and almost indecipherable tombstones, she at length came to one upon which she spelled out this quaint inscription:

"Though a woman, she was a fighter."

Raging within, she stood dejectedly reading the tribute to one whose name she was unable to make out. She repeated it until she was conscious of a sensation of strength creeping up her backbone. Her dejection slowly dissolved. In its place came a purpose that caused her to throw her shoulders defiantly back and to grip her hands tensely. Some would have called that purpose revenge. The jilted woman pronounced it justice.

With a proud step she turned back into Wall street, and proceeded by elevator to the fifth floor of an office building. She entered through a door inscribed with the name and trade: "Philip Marcosson. Member New York Stock Exchange. Stocks and Bonds."

As a privileged patron she took her way into an office whose frosted window was marked "Private." She paused at the ticker, pouring out its ribbon of paper. She glanced hurriedly through the quotations. She saw a sale of 100 shares of St. Louis & Southern Railroad stock—"S. L. S." was the ticker vernacular—at 50½. Then she greeted the man at the desk with a forced smile.

"S. L. S. is firming up a trifle," she volunteered in a businesslike manner.

"I don't know why," responded Broker Marcosson, looking up quizzically. "It isn't worth the money."

"Would you trust me for the purchase of a little until I send you a check? I'll do it in the morning."

"Sure. But I don't see what a keen buyer like you wants of trash like S. L. S."

"And I don't purpose to tell you—that is, just now," Corra said decidedly. "But pick me up what you can between now and the close of the market today without bidding for it very actively. I'll pay up to 51 for it but no higher."

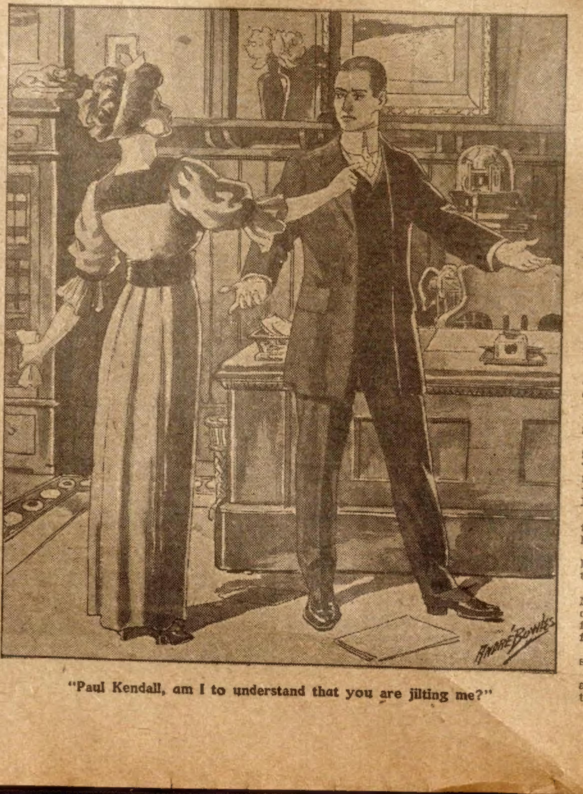
Marcosson used his desk telephone to transmit the order. Then he turned to his customer.

"Some more of Kendall's tricks, eh?" he asked slyly. "Why didn't you send this order in by 'phone?"

"You're laboring under a delusion, Mr. Marcosson," returned his caller, decidedly. "This stock you're buying is for the account of Corra Dennard and for her alone."

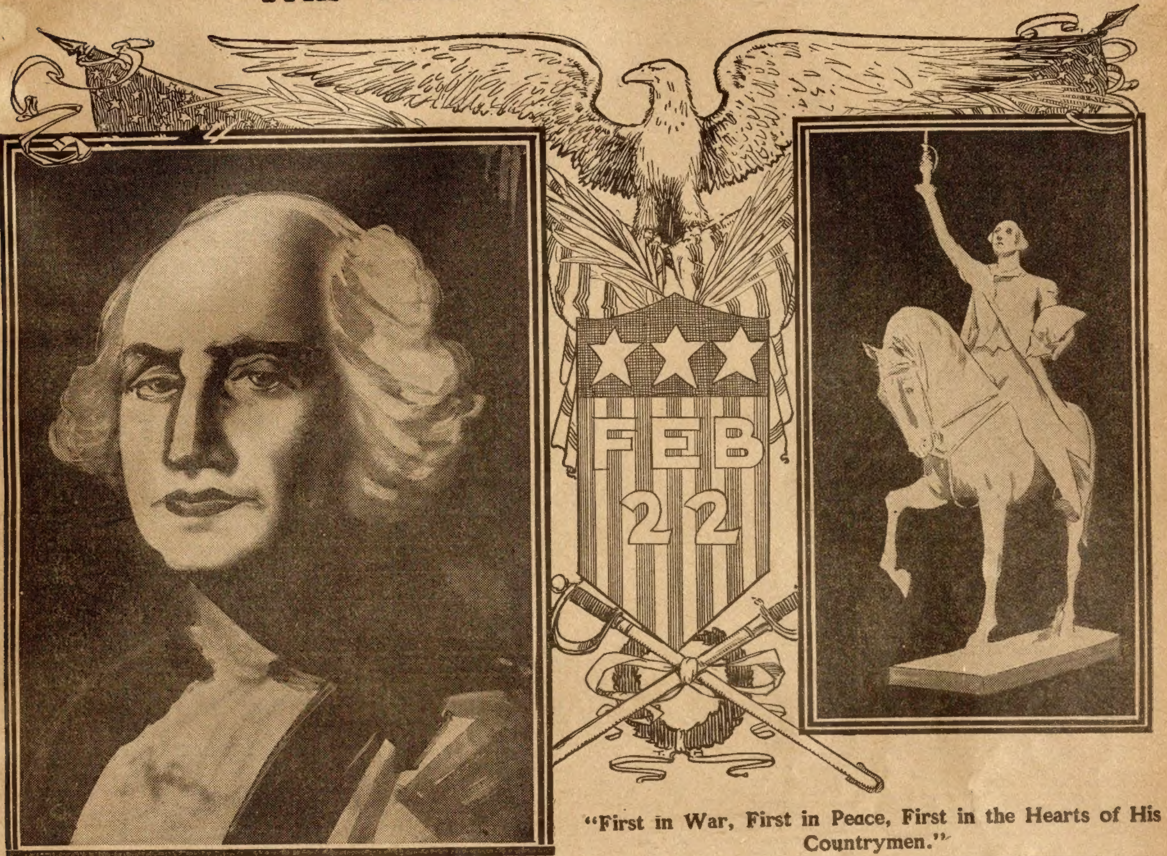
The broker emitted a low whistle of surprise.

"Going it alone, eh?" he queried in amazement. "I thought you were a fixture in Kendall's office. The street has



"Paul Kendall, am I to understand that you are jilting me?"

THE MAN WE CELEBRATE.



"First in War, First in Peace, First in the Hearts of His Countrymen."

given you credit for engineering all his big deals."

"I'm not there any more," was the answer in which an effort was apparent to keep the voice steady. "I'll let you know my new office address in the morning when I mail you my check. I'll probably need you a good deal in the next few weeks, but, but mind you, the fact that I am a customer you must hold strictly confidential."

"That is fully understood, Miss Dennard."

"And in order to conceal my trades in the market better, I'll deal with you through a cipher name," suggested Corra. "Let's see. What would you say to IX?"

"Very good, although I hope XXXX will fit it better," smirked the broker.

The new customer waited until three o'clock to learn what her order to buy S. L. S. had netted her. Marcosson reported that he had picked up three hundred shares at 50⅝. The market, he thought, seemed rather bare of the stock. The offerings were very scant.

With a memorandum of her purchases Corra left the place. To herself, as she descended in the elevator, she murmured:

"There's 300 shares that Paul Kendall will never get. No, not if they could save him from ruin."

By the crowded subway Miss Dennard repaired to her modest little apartment home in Harlem. The family comprised but three members, her father, her sister and herself. Her mother had died ten years before, and her father, who idolized her, fell into a condition of physical inertia that speedily developed into invalidism. Whereupon Corra volunteered in the family's support. Well educated, she soon became an expert typist, and found a position in a Wall street office. Her keenness, her activity, and her intelligence soon made her a valued employe. The important character of her work increased commensurately with her salary. The knowledge of her unique ability became general in the district.

She studied the financial situation until she had a mastery of the intricacies of the banking business. She delved into dull and verbose railroad reports until she had an intimate knowledge of the earnings and the prospects of the leading systems of the country. She closely considered the position and outlook of the various great industrial combinations until she was accurately able to say which were good investments, which were merely speculative propositions and which were purely "wildcats."

She watched the trading on the Stock Exchange until she knew where the various big houses of the street stood, whether they were bulls or bears, whether the market looked ripe for an advance or threatened a decline.

As Kendall had said, she seemed equipped with an intuition regarding the course of prices that seemed little less than uncanny. It was when that picturesque young plunger first learned of these qualities that he contracted for Miss Dennard's services as his private secretary at a handsome salary and a share of his profits.

Nor had she erred in her accusations regarding his love-making. Kendall had asked her repeatedly to become his wife, and she had after long consideration consented. Then, clever woman though she was, she had succumbed to his blandishments.

She felt weary and heartsick as she opened the door of her little apartment home. She had gone away with a song on her lips in the morning. Her face was ashen and strained now—evidences of the tumult within her breast.

A sob reached her ears. She looked quickly into the cozy front parlor to find her younger sister Cerise cuddled up in an armchair, weeping fitfully.

"Why, little sister," she said, bounding to the side of the grief-wrenched girl, "whatever is the matter?"

She wrapped her arms about the miserable little figure, and drew down the tousled head of copper-colored hair upon her own tormented bosom. But her sympathy started a fresh outburst of tears.

When she had finally calmed the girl to a condition where coherence was possible, Corra was able to get an explanation for her distress.

"Ted has just gone away," she began, brokenly. "He—he feels worse than I do. His mother and father don't want him to marry me."

"Tut—tut—tut!" exclaimed the comforter, smoothing the rumpled tresses of the beauty of the family. "Neither of you is ready to be married yet. You're both too young."

"Yes, but we're engaged," protested Cerise, "and they don't even want us to be that."

"You mean that Ted's parents"—Ted was short for Frederick VanAlstyne Frothingham who had been the admirer of Cerise Dennard since their school days together—"that Ted's parents," exclaimed Corra, as sternness suffused her eloquent eyes, "object to him marrying you at all?"

"I'm afraid that's it," reluctantly admitted the sister, "although Ted wouldn't say so outright."

"But what did he say?"

"Oh, he explained something about his father and mother considering him too young to be even engaged," said Cerise, picking nervously at her skirt, "and—and hinting that he ought to seek a—a wife—in his—own social circle." The admission brought a fresh storm of tears.

Corra allowed them to subside entirely before she spoke, but she thought tensely in the interim. When the sister's outburst had dwindled to an occasional long-drawn sob, her confessor began slowly, but with a certain defiant crispness:

"Let us be perfectly honest and open with each other in this matter, my dear. It'll be better in the end. It's like this: What Teddy really intended to let you know was that Father and Mother Frothingham object to you as a possible daughter-in-law?"

Cerise made on answer though her eyes blinked affirmatively.

"The Frothinghams think that because they have a fortune and are descended from the old Dutch families of Manhattan and have a home on Fifth avenue and move in the exclusive circles of the Four Hundred that their son is too good for dainty little Cerise Dennard, who happens to live in Harlem, but whose blood is as pure and whose heart is as precious as that of any aristocrat. Isn't that it now?" quizzed Corra, lifting her sister's chin and smiling tenderly into her tear-reddened face.

"Maybe," assented the girl slowly. Then she went on spiritedly: "But Ted doesn't agree with them at all. He says he won't do what they want. He won't give me up. He'll marry me—even if they threaten to cut him off without a cent. He feels worse about it than I do."

"Good for Ted!" exclaimed the elder sister warmly. "I'm for him and you, dear little sister. I'm going to see you through."

She paused a moment as she patted Cerise's hand. Then she burst forth passionately:

"These rich folk can't trample on the hearts of us poor ones always with impunity! They think we're tools and toys and merchandise. They think they can employ us for their unalloyed pleasure, and then cast us off like dead husks. They think the salve of money will heal the lifelong wounds they inflict in our hearts. They truckle to our beauty and our cleverness, and when they have tired of it they think they are justified in trampling us in the mud. But they're wrong. Thep can't all go unpunished for their cruelties and their cowardice. You and I, little sister, are going to show some of them that all the best blood does not happen to flow in the veins of those who live in homes of wealth. You and I are going to show some people that our hearts cannot be wrenched for their pleasure."

Cerise looked up at the flashing eyes of her sister in astonishment.

"Why, Corra, dear, you talk like an avenger," she cried. "What has gone wrong with you?"

"Nothing, nothing, girl," responded the elder sister, dragging her palm across her brow as if to wipe from her mind a shocking picture. "Only we'll repay somebody."

"But you don't need to be angry with Ted," expostulated Cerise. "He's true blue. He says he'll stick to me through everything."

"Good for Ted!" Corra declared spiritedly. "We're going to need him, my dear."

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEAL WITH DORGAN

At eight o'clock on the following morning Corra Dennard had leased an office of modest dimensions high up in a Wall street skyscraper. Half an hour later vans were moving in an outfit of desks, chairs, and other office paraphernalia.

At nine o'clock a ticker was being installed in a convenient corner, and linemen were setting up a couple of telephones. Half an hour later came a supply of blank books and stationery, and a few moments later the mistress of the establishment settled herself in an easy chair before her desk, and, looking across the street to office windows on which were emblazoned in tall gilt letters: "Paul Kendall, Stocks and Bonds," smiled with threatening sternness.

At a quarter before ten, Miss Dennard, calling the Frothingham Fifth avenue mansion on the 'phone, got in communication with Frederick VanAlstyne Frothingham

"Cerise says," she explained, "that you are tired of loafing about and spending your father's coin—that you'd like to do something to earn a few pennies that you could call your own. How about it?"

"Cerise is exactly right," answered Ted. "She always is."

"Will you work for me?"

"What's the lay?" the young man asked, diffidently.

"Come down and see."

"But I'll not work for that snob Kendall, you mind," insisted Frothingham. "He tried to be fresh with Cerise once. I'd like to bat his face in."

"It won't be Kendall you'll work for, but for me," returned Corra decidedly. "Come down to No. 40 Wall street, find the sixth floor, and then my new office."

"What, have you quit him?"

"Come down, my boy, and I'll tell you what you've got to do."

"Coming," he laughed, as he hung up the receiver.

Exactly at ten o'clock Miss Dennard was among a score of other callers in the anteroom to the private office of John Dorgan, head of the banking house of Dorgan & Company. She was the only woman among them, but she showed neither nervousness nor uneasiness. She was seeking a conference with the most powerful individual in Wall street, the financial dictator of half a hundred industrial organizations and the dominator of a score of great railroads.

John Dorgan always showed up promptly at ten o'clock, the hour of the Stock Exchange opening. Wall street habitues, beholding the financier's automobile draw up at the curb before his great banking building, knew the exact time without looking at watch or clock. The arbiter of a thousand massive business deals went to business with the exactitude of a chronometer.

Miss Dennard had to wait nearly half an hour before her card was taken in to Dorgan, ensconced in his private office and guarded by a couple of private secretaries. She employed the time by studying the tape as it swirled out of the ticker which stood in a corner of the anteroom. But she looked for only the symbols "S. L. S.," the street name of St. Louis & Southern.

The tape showed the first sale of her stock at ten minutes after ten. It was of one hundred shares, and the price was 50¼. In another five minutes came a sale of the same number of shares at 50⅜.

"Going up," she murmured to herself. "Mr. Kendall evidently has already got busy. But he can't have it all his own way."

Over the 'phone she called Broker Marcosson.

"Don't let any of that S. L. S. go begging today," she said.

"It's stronger this morning," he replied. "Looks like you'd have to bid for it."

"I'll pay 51¼ if I have to," she instructed. "But that's only if I have to."

"And how about your collateral?" suggested the broker.

"Now, don't get nervous about your pay. I'll have it in your office by noon."

Then she furnished him with her new office address and telephone number.

Ushered in John Dorgan's presence, she found him seated with scowling brow at his disarranged desk, examining the ash of the bulky black cigar he was smoking. He looked up frowningly, as she crossed the room to him, and blurted:

"I don't now that I ought to see you, coming as you do from that young skyrocket Kendall."

"This is purely a personal matter, Mr. Dorgan," answered the woman. "Whatever you may conclude to do with my request, you may be assured that it will be of no aid to him."

"But you are his private secretary," said the banker, glancing keenly into Miss Dennard's face. "In fact, the street says you are the real brains behind the deals he has put across. I fail to see how I can regard your interests as different."

"Mr. Dorgan, I am no longer associated with Paul Kendall," insisted Corra, with a steadiness of eye and a set in her firm chin that convinced the banker, acute judge of human nature that he was, that his caller was uttering the truth.

"You've broken with him?"

"For good reason and forever."

"Well, your purpose here is what?" grunted the financier. "Yes, sit down, if you wish," he continued, for he had allowed her to stand thus far during the interview.

"Mr. Dorgan," Miss Dennard began, drawing a chair close to the banker's desk and slipping into it so that she could look squarely into his eyes, "your firm holds approximately 133,000 shares of St. Louis & Southern stock. You are exceedingly anxious to get 17,000 shares more, for then you would have control. You have great plans for that road, but they are futile so long as you haven't a majority of the stock."

"Well, suppose what you say is true," assented Dorgan impatiently.

"You probably know that another house in the street, your greatest rival, is also anxious to get control of S. L. S. It has at least 130,000 shares and needs 20,000 shares more and it has started out to get them—by hook or by crook."

"They're welcome to the job," said the banker with an incredulous guffaw. "We've monkeyed with that job for a year now ourselves, and have failed."

"But they've put the job into new and daring hands," said Corra significantly.

"Kendall's managing the deal, eh?" Dorgan shot out with lifted eyebrows.

His caller vouchsafed no direct reply. Instead she went on:

"What would you be willing to give for those 17,000 shares you lack?"

The banker allowed himself the luxury of a grin.

"So the two of you are trying to pull off the deal by working both the Hertzmans and me, eh?" He puffed briskly at his cigar, as if pleased with himself for so soon discovering the real purpose of Miss Dennard's visit.

"Please forget that," she insisted steadily. "Remember that you are dealing with me alone. I have close to $100,000 of my own, Mr. Dorgan, and I am willing to risk every cent of it to prove that there is no collusion between Paul Kendall and myself."

"Well, well," prodded the financier. "What's your scheme? My time's valuable."

"Mr. Dorgan, I want the task of getting those 17,000 shares," said Corra, earnestly.

"Useless, useless, young woman," and the banker turned to the papers on his desk as if to indicate that the interview was at an end.

"But I say it isn't useless," persisted Corra, refusing to see her mission end in rebuff. "I believe that I can get you enough S. L. S. to give you control. As I said, I am willing to put my hundred thousand dollars into the deal. But that is not enough. I should have a million at least."

"And you want me to put it up."

"Exactly."

"But you can't buy that stock on the Exchange," declared the banker. "You probably can't buy a thousand shares without raising the price to 55. You couldn't buy ten thousand shares without raising the price to $100 a share, and that's twice what it's worth."

"But I don't purpose to buy the bulk of the 17,000 shares you need on the Exchange," said Miss Dennard emphatically.

"How then?" queried the financier, looking up again curiously.

"That much of the stock is held by people who will probably never sell their holdings through a Stock Exchange house. They have got to be seen personally," explained Corra.

"Who's going to see them?" asked Dorgan, his interest increasing.

"I am," announced his visitor decidedly.

"But how are you going to get the names and addresses?"

"You don't mean to infer that a banking house with your interest in the St. Louis & Southern cannot get access to the list of present stockholders, do you?" smiled Miss Dennard incredulously.

"By jove, woman, you're beginning to make the thing look feasible!" said the banker, laying down his cigar and turning to face her.

"Oh, it isn't a man's job," said Corra, shaking her handsome head. "He'd probably make a mess of it. But I—a good-looking woman—can get an audience easier and keep it longer—long enough, in fact, to strike some kind of a bargain. As for instance"—and she smiled prettily—"I cite you the present interview."

Dorgan, sour and stern of face, smiled back appreciatively. A wonder in sharp and skillful trading himself, he was not slow to recognize the characteristics of a shrewd financier in another.

"And you're going to see these people yourself?" he asked quickly.

"I'm going to see enough of them to corral the required 17,000 shares."

"And there's no understanding between you and Kendall?"

"Mr. Dorgan, there is between us only the bitterest kind of a feud. I will not be satisfied until I have seen him posted in Wall street as a ruined man," and Corra clenched her daintily gloved hands tensely.

"Girl, it's a go," exclaimed the banker, bringing his hand down emphatically upon his desk. "You're on. You've now got the most powerful concern in the country behind you. I knew you were d—— clever, but you exceed your reputation. Go ahead. If you make good and deliver to me the needed stock, I'll see you get a quarter million of the profits. And if you can, in addition, bring down that young whelp Kendall, I'll add another $50,000 to it."

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If your are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

* * *

He Takes a Fairly Long View.

A Larned man, who was the father of twelve children, had rocked each one in the same cradle by the same great toe. He was rocking the newest arrival one evening when his wife remarked: "William, that cradle is nearly worn out; it's getting rickety. I'm afraid it will fall to pieces." "It is about used up," replied her husband. Then handing her a $10 bill he remarked: "The next time you go downtown get a new one, a good one, one that will last."

About Washington.

BY BILL NYE.

The name George Washington has always had about it a glamour that made him appear more in the light of a god than a tall man with large feet and a mouth made to fit an old-fashioned, full-dress, pumpkin pie. I use the word glamour, not so much because I know what glamour means, but because I have never used it before, and I am getting a little tired of the short, easy words I have been using so long.

George Washington's face has beamed out upon us for many years now, on postage stamps and currency, in marble, and plaster, and bronze, in photographs of original portraits, paintings, and stereoscopic views. We have seen him on horseback and on foot, on the warpath and on skates, cussing his troops for their shiftlessness, and then in the solitude of the forest, with his snorting war horse tied to a tree, engaged in prayer.

We have seen all these pictures of George, till we are led to believe that he did not breathe our air or eat American groceries. But George Washington was not perfect. I say this after a long and careful study of his life, and I do not say it to detract the very smallest iota from the proud history of the Father of His Country. I say it simply that the boys of America who want to become George Washingtons will not feel so timid about trying it.

When I say that George Washington, who now lies so calmly in the limekiln at Mount Vernon, could reprimand and reproach his subordinates at times, in a way to make the ground crack open and break up the ice in the Delaware a week earlier than usual, I do not mention it in order to show the boys of our day that profanity will make them resemble George Washington. That was one of his weak points, and no doubt he was ashamed of it, as he ought to have been. Some poets think that if they get drunk, and stay drunk, they will resemble Edgar A. Poe and George D. Prentice. There are lawyers who play poker year after year, and get regularly skinned, because they have heard that some of the able lawyers of the past century used to come home at night with poker chips in their pockets.

Whisky will not make a poet, nor poker a great pleader. And yet I have seen poets who relied solely on the potency of their breath, and lawyers who knew more of the habits of a bobtail flush than they ever did of the statutes in such case made and provided.

George Washington was always ready. If you wanted a man to be first in war, you could call on George. If you desired an adult who would be first baseman in time of peace, Mr. Washington could be telephoned at any hour of the day or night. If you needed a man to be first in the hearts of his countrymen, George's postoffice address was at once secured.

Though he was a great man, he was once a poor boy. How often we hear that in America! It is the place where it is a positive disadvantage to be born wealthy. And yet sometimes I wish they had experimented a little that way on me. I do not ask now to be born rich, of course, because it is too late; but it seems to me that with my natural good sense and keen insight into human nature I could have struggled along under the burdens and cares of wealth with great success. I do not care to die wealthy, but if I could have been born wealthy, it seems to me I would have been tickled almost to death.

I love to believe that true greatness is not accidental. To think and to say that greatness is a lottery is pernicious. Man may be wrong sometimes in his judgment of others, both individually and in the aggregate, but he who gets ready to be a great man will surely find the opportunity.

Many who read the above paragraph will wonder who I got to write it for me, but they will never find out.

In conclusion, let me say that George Washington was successful for three reasons. One was that he never shook the confidence of his friends. Another was that he had strong will without being a mule. Some people cannot distinguish between being firm and being a big blue jackass.

Another reason why Washington is loved and honored today, is that he died before we had a chance to get tired of him. This is greatly superior to the method adopted by many modern statesmen, who wait till their constituency weary of them, and then reluctantly and tardily die.

* * *

Told Her Where to Go.

Of the many experiences which Magistrate Richard W. Barrett has had here's one dealing with a modest witness in a hearing. She was a woman of evident refinement and much modesty. She testified against a man who had visited her home to complain against the dismissal of the cook, his sweetheart.

"You say the prisoner was profane?" said Magistrate Barrett, embarrassed, but wishing to get the facts. "Would you mind telling me, if you can, just what he said."

"O, judge," said the woman blushing, "I'd rather not; but, if you can understand me, he gave the home address of Mephistopheles."

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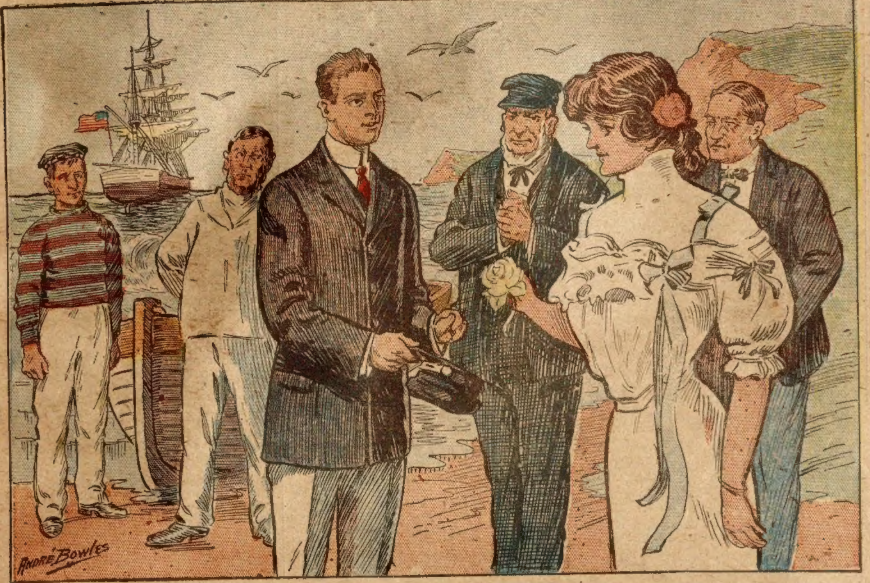
Or, THE SWORD OF THE SEA

By WILLIAM H. MANNING



They were face to face with the charming girl.

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CHAPTER IV.

FIGHTING FOR THE SHIP.

MIDNIGHT found the Fair Lady riding at her anchor, the sea strikingly calm, the wind almost imperceptible, the sky shrouded in a thin veil of clouds, and the deck wholly dark. It had not been thought necessary to light the deck-lanterns as a beacon for Arrowpack, and as the ship was at anchor even the binnacle light was out.

Almost total silence prevailed, except for an occasional low word, but all hands were gathered on that dark deck. There could be no watch below until the matter was settled, and officers, idlers, and foremost tars alike crouched in the shadow of the bulwarks, quiet, watchful, and listening eagerly. And in their hands were guns and pistols. When the islanders came they would find the reception committee there in force.

From the first nobody had expressed doubt of the reliability of the warning given by the canoeist. The most reckless of the forecastle party did not question her judgment, though some of them were disdainful of the danger.

What! danger from a parcel of half-naked, spear-armed natives? It was ridiculous, some said, and if they had the temerity to attack, they would be swept away like chaff.

Here was the most serious cause for worry—overconfidence on the part of the men, but Captain Job had labored stoutly to impress them, and there was no room to doubt that they would fight well.

Robert Inchwood stood in the weather waist, leaning upon the rail. Looking out across the seaboard it was hard to believe violence hovered there. The calm was profound; the sea was like a glass plate, the outlying islands held up their dark heads of trees silently and peacefully. It looked like anything but attack and destruction.

Captain Job came soft-footed to his side.

"Wonder where that gal is now?" he murmured quietly.

"Home, I suppose, but where's that?" Robert answered.

"Fifty miles away, she said. Maybe we shall happen on that same home later. But, lad, she beats me. Pure white of blood, some intelligence was to be expected of her, but, why, man, she's just like a New York gal. An' this is the far Pacific Ocean. Mightily out o' place here, she is."

"She's American or English, Captain, but hardly like a New York girl. There's an old-fashioned manner about her, as if much of her way was due to book-reading. One who reads books much speaks better English than one who gets all knowledge from mixing with human beings constantly—that is, slang and idiom are less in evidence. Now——"

The skipper had interested Robert more than he knew, and the young man seemed disposed to deliver quite an oration, but they were interrupted as a sailor glided catlike to their side.

"Beg pardon, sir!" he said.

"Ah, Ben Witter! What is it, my hearty?"

"I've got ears, sir, an' I says I heerd paddles off thereaway!"

"Off our beam?"

"Yes, though a p'int or so toward the stern. Just hark, sir!"

"I hear nothin'," Wood replied, after they complied.

"Nor I," agreed Robert.

"Parsevere, sir. I've got ears. Try again!"

They listened, but without result. Either Ben's ears were surprisingly acute, or he was mistaken. The Captain said as much.

"Well, sir, may I go among my mates an' bid them be extra watchful?" asked Witter, patiently.

"Certainly! Go ahead, my man!"

Ben went, and Wood, who respected his opinion, made some remark, but Robert did not heed it. He was leaning far out over the rail, his hearing strained to the utmost. There was something rather trying to the nerves about this waiting for intended slaughter, and it had hold of him. What did that dark pall hide? Were the men who had successfully butchered fellow natives advancing to repeat their work?

When Captain Job had insisted upon a full supply of weapons, he had not supposed they would ever be used seriously, but——

Something shot forth from the darkness like a mighty bird on the waves. Then a warning cry sounded from the deck.

"All hands, repel boarders!" shouted Wood.

Robert saw them now, not one only, but a line of canoes that flashed swiftly toward the ship. He could hardly hear the sound of the paddles, but it was a concerted advance, and it suddenly became noisy. From every canoe rose a wild screech, and the arms of the natives not at the oars were tossed aloft with equal wildness.

A crashing, rending sound followed almost at Robert's face, and a shower of splinters flew past him. A spear had buried itself in the rail, and the detached bits of wood barely missed his face.

"Fire!" roared the skipper loudly.

Robert bestirred himself and poked his musket forward. Leveling it at the nearest canoe, he pulled the trigger, and it did not thunder alone. Flashes shot up all around the deck, for, as it proved, the attack was on all sides, and no fewer than ten canoes were there.

It was hard to miss wholly at such close quarters, but the advance was not checked. The canoes were driven to the very overhang of the hull, and there avoiding a destructive collision by some trick with the paddles, the islanders flung the craft about with their beam to to the vessel, and rude grapnels rattled over the bulwarks.

"Repel boarders!" thundered Captain Wood. "Pistols and pikes!"

Robert fired his last shot in the very face of the nearest foemen, and then they came swarming up the sides. He stood by the mainmast channels, with the shrouds at his left hand, and he soon found that the projecting oaken ledges outboard were something much coveted as a handhold for the wily natives.

Sturdily he kept his post, and his pike was used with precision. Head after head rose to view, and again and again the pike was thrust forward, but somebody was always ready to take the place of whoever was beaten back, and he had more than his fill.

The quiet of the scene was gone. American cheers and shouts in deep bass mingled with the softer screeches of the foe, but the screeches made up in venom what they lacked in depths of tone.

Afterward it seemed to Robert that he stood by the channels for an hour and pounded away with the pike, but in reality it was all over in ten minutes. The assailants had flung themselves fiercely, desperately, at the Fair Lady's sheer, and their courage was surprising, but they had undertaken too much. Jabbed and beaten with the pikes, and with convenient belaying-pins, they failed in their grand attempt.

Finally, overmastered, they went, and as swiftly as they had come. One moment their heads lined the bulwarks, and spears and knives were in evidence; the next and the rail was untenanted by them and the canoes were in retreat.

They went unmolested, for nobody had a charged weapon, and it would have been madness to lower boats and pursue. Their paddles dipped, the red canoes receded; then the night swallowed them up, and the fight was over. American cheers of triumph had followed them, but presently the enthusiasm of victory waned.

"Who is hurt?" demanded Captain Wood.

There was no reply.

"Speak out!" he added. "We must have wounded. Who's hurt?"

Then the voices rose. Before, the brave Jack Tars had been reluctant to admit injuries, but it no longer seemed weak to admit what could not be concealed. Finding that he had a hospital list, the skipper ordered the lanterns alight, and then the scene was looked over.

Mate Pond and John Inchwood each had a slight wound from a spear, and of the sixteen foremost hands seven had been served likewise, but there was general belief when it was found that death had not lessened their numbers. Peter Lund and Biah Knott were bleeding too freely for safety, so they were quickly seen to, after which composure was generally restored.

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"A most lucky deliverance!" exclaimed Robert.

"Mr. Inchwood," cried Biah, tapping his injured arm with a free finger, "where would we have been but for that young lady who warned us?"

"Not in this world!" declared Captain Job, with emphasis. "After bein' prudent enough to arm my crew so well, I wouldn't have laid at anchor here without a watch all along the sheer, but some o' you chaps would have been sleepin' below, an'—I'm mighty afraid them scalawags would have captured the ship!"

"That means they would have butchered every son-jack on us!" added Biah. "Mates, if the Cap'n don't object, three cheers for that han'some young lady!"

The skipper did object, so the cheers rang loud, and nobody joined more willingly than Robert. Truly, the strange girl had been a blessing to them. And —bad luck!—nobody knew where she lived.

Robert had been in the bows, but he now remembered that first spear which had so nearly showered his face with splinters, and started for the waist. He had gone part way, when, in the gloom of the dimly lighted deck, he half-tripped over some object not to be expected there. He bent, looked, and then hastened to get a lantern.

"Captain," he then called, "they have left a man with us!"

"Left a man! Alive?"

"Look for yourself."

"Gone from this world, forever!" growled Wood. "Why, I didn't know one o' them really passed the bulwarks. Lads, who killed this fellow?"

"Maybe 'twas me," answered Ben Witter. "I had a tussle with one chap nigh the main-mast, and I jabbed him powerful with the pike, but he beat me back with somethin'—possible a belayin'-pin, if he had one—an' I didn't know I licked him."

"You drove your pike to victory, my man. It must have been the islander's last blow, if he tumbled you back with a rap."

"He is here, anyhow," remarked John.

"No Kanaka, that chap!" exclaimed the skipper. "Look at the scowl on his face—aye, and the fashion on't! Desperate fellow!"

It surely was a desperate face, but further than that the man was a wonder of outward show. Rather tall; he was of greyhound build, and rounded to suit the most fastidious sculptor. Grace was in every line.

"Full-blooded native," said Wood. "Died in a bad cause, too."

Robert bent and touched something he had not noticed before. Attached to a steel chain, the man wore a round object as a neck ornament.

"Some heathen gimcrack!" added the skipper.

Robert removed the object wholly and held it close to the lantern. Gazing fixedly for a while he suddenly started.

"What do you think we have here?" he demanded.

"Medal for good behavior," suggested Biah Knott.

"This attached thing is a gold coin, and not of modern minting, either. It's a piece of eight."

"Piece of eight? What's that?"

"A Spanish dollar of long ago. If I read aright, the date is 1674."

"Before I was born!" said the Captain, facetiously.

Robert plucked him by the arm.

"Do you see, Captain," the young man asked, "what is possible?"

"Not exactly."

"How did this man come by so ancient a coin? Can it be this is a part of the treasure buried on the Island of Gold? Has that treasure been found by others? Is this a part of it?"

CHAPTER V.

IN A BLACK SQUALL.

Robert had exploded a metaphorical bombshell, though in a voice so low that only Captain Wood and John heard him. Seen in the rays of the lantern the young men looked serious and worried, but the skipper shook his head in stout disapproval.

"Bet you a marline-spike against a throat-seizing that coin never saw the Island of Gold!" he retorted. "Why, it would be worn smooth by this time."

"Your argument lacks weight, Captain. This coin is not worn, but it may have been dug from that island less than a year ago. Anyhow, the die tells the date, and it's as old as it says. Money from the Island of Gold would not wear smooth sooner than other money."

"I'm down, lad!" the skipper admitted. "Still, we ain't got any evidence that this come from our island."

"That is the one consoling thing. Spaniards settled the west coast of both North and South America, so pieces of eight were the specie natural to the times. Some Spanish adventurer or some monk may have brought them to the Pacific. We won't worry about it!"

It was second thought that dictated this speech, but Robert turned the coin in his hand repeatedly and looked hard at it. He wished it had a tongue and would speak and tell its history. So ancient a bit of money surely had a story passing that of any man, as it had been with many men, and shared their fortunes and their secrets. And now, perforated and humbled, it had, of late, been the neck ornament of a Pacific heathen and marauder.

He finally put the money away, after which the body of the native was weighted and committed to the sea. He went unshrouded and unmourned, and with as little ceremony as he had used toward his white neighbors.

Half an hour later a breeze sprang up, and as there was a possibility of further attack if they remained where they were, they filled and stood away. To the west the water seemed fairly free from islands, so that was their course. Under light sail they pursued their way, with Brown, the second mate, in charge of the deck and the larboard watch below. Captain Wood and the Inchwood cousins went to the cabin, and these three slept the rest of the night.

Morning dawned clear and warm, and after breakfast they went on deck. The breeze had stiffened, and with light whitecaps on the water, the Fair Lady was bowling along with a gentle creaking of blocks and slatting of canvas. It was not this that first occupied attention, for Mate Pond, who now had the deck with the larboard division, promptly stretched his hand toward the starboard beam and said:

"Vessel, sir!"

"Aha!" cried Wood, "another navigator of the deep!"

"Yes, sir, and a spanking brig at that."

"She's beyond hail. I'd like to speak her. Fly a signal, Mr. Pond!"

"Just what I did, some time ago. She crossed our bows an hour ago, kicking up a regular smother—you see she is white with sails—and then shifted her helm and bore away. I thought you might like to speak her, so I flew a signal, but she paid no attention and held her course."

"An ill-mannered fellow!" growled Wood. "Still she may be in a hurry. She's a merchantman, but if she's laden rides mighty high."

"I guess she's in ballast, like ourselves," replied the mate, "and quite light at that. She sets too far up for my taste. I caught her name—she is the White Wing."

"A right slick little brig!" muttered the skipper; then he suddenly brightened up and added: "Robert and John, you know I told you that when I picked out the Fair Lady for you to charter, in New York, I might have got a clipper brig, which was also idle. She was the Cleopatra. Well, if you want to know how the Cleopatra looked, just scan the White Wing sharp, for they are as alike as two peas!"

Men sometimes hit nearer the truth than they know, and this was the case at present. Captain Job saw all that was visible, but, having no supernatural powers, he did not dream that the Cleopatra had been chartered by Abner Caswell, repainted, and named the White Wing. If he had possessed such powers it would have been know that Abner was then in the Pacific, bound on the same errand as themselves.

"The brig looks fine," said John, "but I prefer the Fair Lady."

"Either is a prize. You have seen what we can do when we pack our yards, and though the White Wing does not carry a full spread now, you can note that she is footin' it merry. A good craft! She's makin' all of ten, isn't she, Mr. Pond?"

"Nearer eleven I should say, sir."

"We can beat that when we try. Odd how she resembles the Cleopatra! Same sheer, same taper of masts. Yet I suppose the Cleopatra is still in New York. Wonder who will sail her next? Her old captain, Ansel Bland, has retired, an' she will have a new master."

The object of all this talk was stretching along the seaboard as direct as an arrow in her flight, and as she went the interest in her waned. The treasure-hunters gave attention to their own affairs, and when they again thought of the brig she was hull down.

Ever since dawn the Fair Lady had had a free seaboard, but presently the man in the foretop reported land, and they laid their course for it. It did not prove to be an impressive landfall, as it was no more than a sandbar, so they sheered off and continued their search.

"Drat these low, flat islands!" growled John. "We want a high-flyer with a crescent of green above a half-moon of gray rock. That's what we want, my fellow mariners!"

"I can't get that native's neck ornament out of my mind," replied Robert. "Where did he get that piece of eight?"

"He won't ever tell, an'," Wood answered dryly. "I really don't feel like goin' to Arrowpack to see if he can explain."

"Reckon we have seen our last of Mr. Arrowpack."

"Mebbe yes, an' mebbe no—freebooters range widely, my lad. All the same we can do without him if he can do without us——"

"Land ho!" cried the lookout again.

"Where away?" shouted Pond.

"On the lee bow, sir. Looks like a sizable island, sir."

"Shift the helm, Mr. Pond," directed Captain Job. "We will have a closer look at it. If it's a charted land, it may be Uhoillo. That island is inhabited by natives said to be friendly."

The Fair Lady was put about, and they ran down toward the landfall. As they fetched nearer to the point it was to be seen that they were under observation from men on the shore, and when five or six cable-lengths away the helm was put hard-a-lee and the ship soon drifted under reduced canvas. Before this was completed a canoe had put off from the island, with two men aboard, and when they had paddled down, their mild faces encouraged the skipper to invite them to his deck.

As he had suspected, the island was Uhoillo, but as it was not of appearance to breed hope, his questions were directed to other things. Did they know of an island with a ridge of high land, tree-clad and green, with a gray rock like a half-moon? The reply was negative, and the treasure-seekers were again baffled, but Captain Job had more to say.

"Who is Arrowpack?"

The native started and looked scared.

"Dreadful man, very dreadful man!" he exclaimed.

"But who is he, and where does he live?"

"His home, Watlhoe Island, and he 'Merican man!"

"Arrowpack an American?"

"Yes."

"But his crew?"

A TROUBLE MAKER

Coffee Poison Breeds Variety of Ills.

A California woman who didn't know for twenty years what kept her ill, writes to tell how she won back her health by quitting coffee:

"I am 54 years old," she says, "have used coffee all my life and for 20 years suffered from indigestion and insomnia. Life was a burden and a drag to me all the time, and about once a year my ailments got such hold upon me that I was regularly 'sick in bed' for several weeks each time.

"I was reluctant to conclude that coffee was the cause of my trouble, but I am thankful that I found out the truth.

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"Then I thought I would try coffee again, and did so for a few weeks. The punishment for deserting my good friend, Postum, was a return of my old troubles.

"That taught me wisdom, and I am now and shall be all my life hereafter using Postum exclusively and enjoying the benefits it brings me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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To Develop the Bust

To Beauty Editor: I am so ashamed of my thin bust that I want to ask you if there is any harmless way to develop it. My hips and the rest of my body are right for the present styles and I do not want them any larger, but my bust is so flat that I would try anything that gave hope of even three or four more inches development. MARY S.

The only thing I know of that will develop the bust without increasing the size of the hips, or without putting on flesh where not needed, is a prescription put up by The Dr. Kelly Co., especially for small and undeveloped breasts. It is the discovery of a woman physician whose practice was largely among her own sex and in most cases increases the bust measure four to six inches in a month. Send 10c to the Dr. Kelly Co., Dept. 92 BB, Buffalo, N. Y., and they will send you a trial package of the treatment without charge. This is said to be of great value in cases of arrested development of the bust and will give a full, beautiful form without anyone knowing that the treatment was used.

Many mothers have told me that after the baby had been weaned, the breasts became flabby and shrunken, but the use of Dr. Kelly's prescription made them full and firm. Do not use pads or bust forms, as they never look natural and have a bad effect upon the general health. Neither would I recommend ordinary flesh builders or tonics, as they increase the hips and limbs and with the present styles the form should be slender everywhere except a generously developed bust.

* * *

Lots of men who sit around on dry goods boxes and growl about hard times would consider it an insult if any one were to offer them a job.

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FREE ASTHMA CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Building, St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

"Oh, they Malays—come from Philippines, capture Watihoe and kill all there, and now live there. They pirates! Dreadful men—very bad, very cruel. Ugh!" and the simple native shivered.

"Aha! Malay pirates under an American. Now it looks clearer."

"Tell us more!" urged Robert. "What are those things they—or some of them—wear around their necks?"

The native looked puzzled briefly, after which he brightened up.

"Oh! you mean the yellow moons. One man say that gold. The people of Watihoe had many such ornaments, and wore them round neck. Mebbe so the pirates got them when they kill native mans."

"So! We trace them to the slain people of Watihoe. Where did they get them?"

"Don't know."

"How long did they have them before the Malays came into this section?"

"Me not know."

"What kind of an island is Watihoe? Flat or high?"

"Him high—lift up—rocky, very tall."

"Trees there?"

"Much plenty."

"Rocks and trees, and high. Are you sure there is no gray cliff like a half-moon?"

"Never see no such thing."

"Arrowpack and his men live there, eh? How many are they?"

"Many, many!" and the islander held up his hands with fingers widely spread. "Have many red canoes with arrow in pack of clouds. Big gun on island—fire ball like man's head. Boof! whoo! it go, and cut down trees like gale of wind or big ax. Arrowpack, he take rocks and put in pile—little fort, some calls it. Big gun there. Go near, big gun kill you. You stay way, or get killed!"

The native had many more questions to answer, but he did no more than enlarge on what he had already said. He had made it clear that Malay pirates had come to Watihoe under an alleged American leader, and dispossessed the natives there, after which they began a career as pirates, attacking not only native islanders, but also ships of white navigators.

Watihoe, however, loomed large. At least one man there wore a Spanish piece of eight as a neck ornament, and the island was high, with a mixture of verdure and rocks. All this was impressive.

When they had satisfied their desire to ask questions, the visitors were presented with various gay beads and other trinkets, and their hearts were completely won. Preparing to go, the spokesman glanced at the sky.

"We soon have big wind," he said. "You bes' look out sharp."

Directly afterward he was in his canoe and making his way back. Captain Wood ordered his helm put up, and they resumed their way, while the cousins and the skipper talked with fresh ardor on the latest discovery.

"We've got to see Watihoe!" exclaimed Robert.

"Regardless of Arrowpack?"

"Dead sure! Of course that 'big gun' is a cannon, but we will keep well in the offing."

"We were fools not to take a cannon ourselves," said the skipper, "but who ever would have expected this sort of thing?"

"We will beat Arrowpack without it!" cried John, suddenly sanguine. "I feel it in my bones that Watihoe is the Island of Gold, and we are going there, pirates or no pirates."

"I don't want to worry you, lads," said Wood, seriously, "but if that island is our island it looks as if somebody has found the treasure ahead of us. Remember that the Malays live there and that one of them had that piece of eight with him, while our latest native said there were many such ornaments there. See how it looks?"

"Hang it all, Cap'n Job, why do you discourage a fellow like that!" grumbled John, half-sulkily.

"Think a bit more," added Robert. "If Arrowpack, a white man, had found that great treasure do you think he would be living on a miserable little island now?"

"That's sense!" exclaimed John. "No, he would be in Paris or London, or New York, spending money like a king. I see it all—they have found an outcropping of the treasure, so to speak, but not its bulk."

Mr. Pond approached at this juncture. "Captain," he said, "I don't like the sky. I'm no Pacific Ocean expert, but that would mean a squall in the Atlantic. Decidedly greasy!"

"That's right, Mr. Pond. That black cloud seems to have bottled venom in it, and we will house some of the sails and not get our masts snapped off or sprung. We have plenty of sea-room hereabouts, and we will run before it if we can, but with less canvas."

The black cloud astern did not permit them to wonder long if it had been correctly read. It swelled in size amazingly, bore up the sky swiftly, and with the wind gathering force even faster, and the lately-placid sea leaping into hillock-form with curling whitecaps at each crest, it was seen that they had housed none too soon.

Presently the whole southwestern sky was ink-black, and with the wind shrieking through the rigging and the Fair Lady flying as if from an angry demon, the ocean belied its name, but there was only composure aft and before the mast.

"She will ride it out like a bird!" quoth Captain Job, calmly.

It was the faith of a skilful mariner in a staunch vessel, but within ten minutes the black cloud seemed to drop from the heavens, and they were shut in darkness, while the roaring wind tore the sea like a mad beast at its prey, and the dipping bows sent a river rolling across the deck to the depth of the sailors' knees.

Storm-beaten, the Fair Lady fled away from the known to the unknown.

CHAPTER VI.

Another hour, and the squall had spent its force. The black pall grayed, thinned, lifted, and finally disappeared slowly, and once more the sun shone. The wind was reluctant to fall away, but it, too, succumbed slowly, and only the fast-driving seas held their edge. Man's battle with the elements was fought and won.

Captain Wood looked his ship over and smiled grimly.

"The Fair Lady is all right from bowsprit to spanker boom, tip and tip," he said. "The wind only blew the cobwebs out o' the sails, and the water simply washed the scuppers clean. Nothin' but a scuttle-butt full on't, anyhow."

This cheerful view of things was not misplaced, and with the ship going easily, the adventurers took up their ruling passion. Where was the Island of Gold? They no longer had an unbroken seaboard, but the land visible had no importance. The few islands near were inconsequential, unpeopled, and desolate.

Captain Job and the Inchwood cousins betook themselves to the cabin and began a fresh interview with the chart. The skipper had taken an observation just before the squall broke, and he had their position well in mind. They were in a part of the ocean not before visited by them, and all land was important to them. Thus, when word came, an hour later, that an island had been sighted they rose quickly.

"It should be Popoatto," said the Captain, "and it is charted as inhabited. Maybe we can get news."

Going on deck they found the object of interest dead ahead, and somewhat impressive of appearance.

"That's tolerably high land," remarked John.

"Hardly enough so to please us," the skipper answered. "Anyhow, we will have a look at it."

The cousins were always eager when there was opportunity, and they mounted to the foretop and brought the glass to bear. An agreeable view was presented, for trees clad the island, and presently they could distinguish small structures that were clearly the dwelling-places of human beings.

The ship held her course until within a few cable-lengths, and then she was brought to and both anchors let go. The sea remained rough, though no longer dangerous, and the canoe that was putting away from land experienced no trouble.

"More natives," remarked Robert.

"Can't be Arrowpack," John replied, "so we will hope for decent treatment and some information."

As the craft drew near, Captain Wood stood by the taffrail, and wearing his best smile, presently hailed.

"Ahoy, the boat!"

"Ahoy, the ship!" was the quick reply, in good English.

"What island is this?"

"Popoatto."

"I thought so. Why, you seem to have quite a village, and—don't I see white folks on the shore?"

"The islands belongs to Mr. Daniel Lee. It is his folks you see."

"Who is Daniel Lee?"

The native spokesman, standing in the canoe, presented a face so much a picture of surprise that the result was laughable.

"What! you not know him? He great man, very rich, very famous, very good, very—why, he own the island and all there. He lives here half the year."

Wood looked wistfully at the white people on the beach. He had a yearning to meet them face to face, and the mild manner of this intelligent native encouraged the desire.

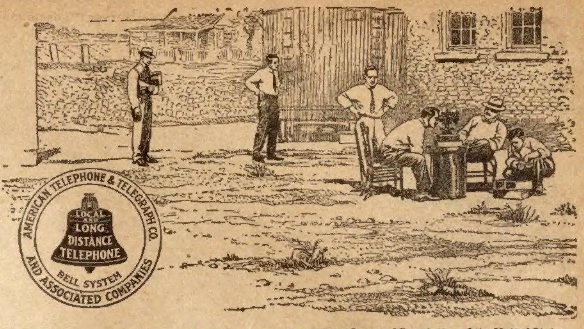
"How many folks you got there, anyhow?"

"Mr. Lee, his daughter Mary, his two uncles, his three nieces and 'bout so many Kanakas!" and the speaker held up his hands with fingers outstretched. "Mr. Lee, he say you please come ashore, or he will come to you, if you wish, but he wants to feed you well in his house."

"Let's go!" exclaimed John. "Thunder and wildcats! but I want to set my hoofs on something besides a rolling deck!"

"So be it, lad!"

Captain Job gave his permission willingly. The affair with Arrowpack had made him cautious, but he had been studying the situation as well as possible, and he did not think any danger hovered for them on Popoatto. He ordered a boat lowered from the davits, and when it was afloat the Inchwood cousins and himself entered, the crew gave way, and the advance toward the island was renewed. The group on the beach did not grow less inviting, but on the contrary, presented smiling American faces that promised welcome and good will.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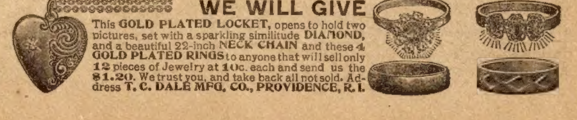

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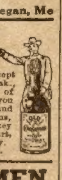

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The water shoaled gradually, and an outcropping ledge enabled the navigators to step to land without wetting their feet. There they were met by the strangers, foremost of whom was a middle-aged man who would have seemed very robust had he not borne his weight partially upon a crutch.

"Welcome!" he exclaimed. "Welcome to our island home!"

"I thank you heartily, sir!" Wood replied. "Our stay will not be long, but it is good to have it so pleasant. We are Americans——"

"And so am I, and all the whites of our party. My name is Daniel Lee, citizen of this dot of land and San Francisco. I have two homes, you see. This is my uncle, Mr. Nathan Lee, and this his brother, Mr. Asa Lee. You will see, Captain, that you are on a Lee shore!"

"Good!" cried the skipper, laughing at the joke. "It suits me well, since there are no breakers. My name——"

He gave it and proceeded to introduce his companions. John Inchwood, meanwhile, had been studying the island. It was, as they afterward learned, of about thirty acres, and was mainly high land, with an abundance of trees and vegetation, as well as well-tilled fields from which the dwellers obtained many necessary supplies. Previously there had been nothing to suggest that they need feel special interest in it, but Joan's ruling passion cropped out the moment he had Mr. Lee's hand in his grasp.

"May I ask," he said, "if you know of an island of about five acres, with high center, tree-clad, and a long, low wall of gray rock at its base, shaped somewhat like a half-moon?"

Lee stared hard and was briefly silent.

"Why," he then exclaimed, "you are the second man to ask me that question in a week!"

"Eh? What, sir?"

"A few days ago the brig White Wing, Captain Nash Shrogg, master, hove into our offing, and a young man aboard wanted just the information you now seek!"

The speaker had unconsciously cast a bombshell into the camp of his companions. In any case his announcement would have been startling, but they remembered the brig they had encountered on more southerly waters, just before—the brig that carried the name White Wing and had ignored their signals—and the whole combination gave them sudden worry.

"What young man?" demanded Robert quickly.

"Well, as for that, he gave the name of Perkins, but I heard Captain Shrogg address him as Mr. Caswell!"

The treasure-hunters regarded each other in dismay. The whole truth was forced upon them. No wonder Captain Job had found that the White Wing looked so much like the Cleopatra of New York.

Abner Caswell was in the Pacific hunting for old Bradyll Inchwood's treasure. He, too, had chartered a vessel and started to find the Island of Gold. All this rushed upon the trio, and words failed them, but Wood rallied after a few seconds.

"Just describe that Mr. Caswell, will you, sir?" he requested.

Lee did so, and the last link was welded; they could not doubt their first impressions.

"But," pursued the master of the island, "I have not answered your question. I do not know of any such island as you describe. I could not answer Captain Shrogg and Caswell, or Perkins, or whoever he is, so readily as this, but I have been thinking since. We have cruised in these waters a good deal, and have seen no such island."

"How wide a range do you cruise over?"

"Sixty or seventy leagues in every direction. Still, we do not assert that no island like the wanted one is within that area. With so many hundreds of small landfalls scattered here and there, it may be there are a full dozen like what you crave. It is impossible for me to say as to that."

"Did Caswell tell you why he wanted to find that place?"

"Not a word."

"What about the island called Watihoe?" demanded Robert. "I refer to the place where Arrowpack, the pirate, lives."

"I know. Well, I have seen Watihoe at a distance, but have been careful not to see it hard by. As long as Arrowpack does not insist upon being neighborly with me, I shall not force myself upon him, for I have a wholesome respect—fear, rather—for him and his tough gang. I did not think of Watihoe when Captain Shrogg was here, but mature thought makes it seem worthy of consideration. The center of the island is high and rocky, though tree-clad, and the sides fall away. As for the cliff of gray rock, it may not be there."

"How near have you been to it, sir?"

"Not nearer than a mile, but I have a powerful marine glass, so I surveyed it rather well. But you see, I was not looking for a gray cliff."

"How many men does the pirate have?"

"Really, I have no idea, though he mans ten or a dozen canoes."

"Is it not hazardous for you to live here when he neighbors you?"

"He is a good twenty-five leagues distant, and anyhow, I question if he would molest us. He is a villain and—yes, a pirate as you call him, but he preys on natives and an occasional ship. I never heard of his attacking white people like us, and there are others on various islands. Arrowpack, by the way, is of a rather decent family, but its black sheep."

"Black or white," declared Robert, "we are going to Watihoe."

"Don't!" advised Mr. Lee quickly. "If you venture within reach of that gang it will go hard with you. You can't land, because of their big cannon, while they have the men to board and sack any ship they direct their full force against."

"We will go near, and if we think a gray cliff is there, under a crescent of green, we shall land!" the young man obstinately asserted.

Lee stared as if he believed he had found a madman, but before he could say more a newcomer among the group caught his attention.

"Ah!" he suddenly said, changing his manner and smiling kindly. "So you have come, Mary? Gentlemen, my daughter, Miss Lee!"

They turned and—they were face to face with the charming girl who had given them such timely warning of Arrowpack's intended attack. The beauty who had saved the ship was before them.

Captain Job was too much bewildered to say or do anything, but Robert plucked off his hat and tried to assume his best manner.

"I have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Lee before!" he cried.

The recognition was mutual, and she smiled in a friendly way.

"I did not expect to see you again so soon," she replied. "I am glad you are safe. I infer that you succeeded in running away from Arrowpack?"

"On the contrary," retorted Robert, "Arrowpack succeeded in running away from us. But I'll admit he put up a stout fight. Thanks to your warning, we saved the ship, after a stiff struggle."

"Mary," put in Mr. Lee, "these rash men talk of going to Watihoe."

"Do they want to die?" she exclaimed. "Sirs, if life is pleasant to you, keep away from Watihoe and its desperadoes!"

"You was sayin' that Arrowpack was of a good family," remarked Captain Job. "What's known o' the critter?"

"Only that his family name is really Boxdall. There is a large family in Hong Kong—yes, right in that city, though how they made peace with the Chinese and got a footing there I don't know. They have been bankers for many years—a hundred or more, I have been told—and they have made themselves necessary to the Chinamen, so they have a firm footing. Report is that none of them is really honorable at heart, but they trade honestly, it seems. The father of Arrowpack married an American girl, so the pirate is usually called an American, but he can hardly claim that honor. His father, I am told, was the youngest son of a large brood of children, and received small help from his kinsmen. Arrowpack grew up wild, reckless and unscrupulous, and after many crimes became what he now is."

"Boxdall!" interrupted Captain Wood, thoughtfully. "Where have I heard that name before?"

"Maybe you have heard of the present head of the family in Hong Kong, the rich banker. His name is Poi Boxdall."

"Never heard of a banker there, but the name—why, it's very familiar."

At this point Mary took her father's attention with a remark, and Robert pulled sharply at Wood's sleeve.

"Captain," he whispered, "one Poi Boxdall was second mate of the ancient pirate ship, the Sword of the Sea, and the man who supervised the burying of the treasure on the Island of Gold. We have run into the early pirate family again. What next?"

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⁂

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Professor Jordan, the corn expert of the Missouri College of Agriculture, tells a story illustrative of the suspicion with which people often view new ideas and inventions. In pioneer days a settler near the present town of Albany, Mo., bought for his wife the first cook stove ever seen in that part of the State.

It was an object of great curiosity, and the woman's next door neighbor—who lived ten miles away—came to see how it would work.

Without comment she saw the dinner cooked; she ate the meal with judgment held in reserve, and then remarked, with a shake of the head:

"Well, Sarah, it cooks all right, and the victuals taste good, but I don't believe it will ever be a success."

⁂

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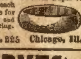

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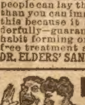

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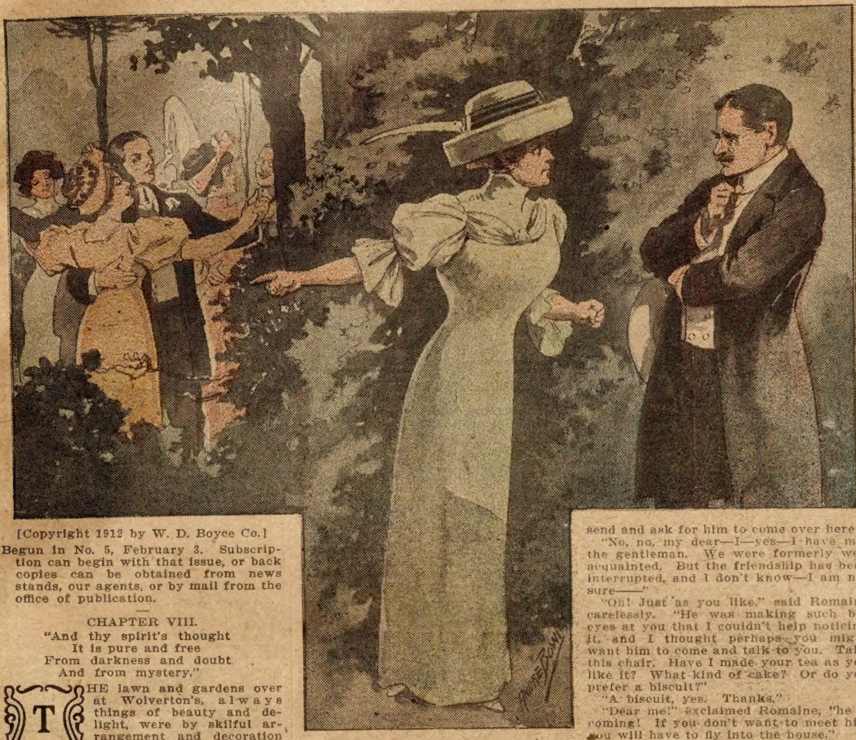

"Listen to me, Delphine.'

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CHAPTER VIII.

"And thy spirit's thought
It is pure and free
From darkness and doubt
And from mystery."

THE lawn and gardens over at Wolverton's, always things of beauty and delight, were by skilful arrangement and decoration turned into a veritable enchantment.

Romaine had won over the gardener. Together they visited the hothouses in the nearest town and ordered everything they needed to enhance the already beautiful effects.

Groups of delicate waving palms with the lighter green of fern and bracken relieved the beds of brilliant flowers of every hue. Bright hammocks were swung across the trees; low bamboo chairs and settees were banked with downy cushions. The fountains were scattering pearly drops, which fell with a pleasant rhythmic sound and lent a peculiar freshness to the atmosphere.

Indoors, also, the preparations were complete; but it was to the garden that Romaine looked for the success of her entertainment.

A harpist had been engaged and his instrument was standing on a square rug below a tree, adding not a little to the decorative effect by the exquisite beauty of its form.

Romaine, looking very pretty in a white frock with green ribbons, hovered restlessly from place to place, impatient for her guests to arrive and full of rejoicing at the appearance of the first comers.

Her father concealed his boredom admirably, and welcomed his daughter's friends with grace and suavity.

There was a multitude of chattering youths and maidens to pair off and group into games or conversation parties, as they evinced their preference, and to supply with ices or cooling draughts before the older guests arrived.

Dr. Bolton was with the Emerys. He walked with Miss Lynn, who perplexed him more and more. As they advanced up the shady avenue he said:

"And so you tell me you were not in the city on the day I mentioned?"

"I was not."

"Strange! I saw you or some one very like you twice. It seems incredible."

Miss Lynn colored vividly, then turned pale.

"Yet it is true," she said, steadily. "I was here. Miss Emery and I were together all day."

"The most curious thing about the occurrence," said the doctor, musingly, "was that the lady I took for you had on a costume very much like the one you wore to church last Sunday."

Miss Lynn was silent.

"Let me ask you plainly, Miss Lynn," he persisted, "are you able to suggest any explanation?"

She made no reply, and the doctor, perceiving that she either could not or would not answer, dropped the subject.

"Well, here we are!" he said, "and well-a-day, but our little Romaine has made us a pretty scene! Admirable, indeed. Ah! Wolverton"—as his host approached—"we are praising the arrangements. Romaine has outrivaled herself. Where is the little puss? I see her yonder. I will leave Miss Lynn in your care while I go to greet your daughter."

Miss Lynn brightened as soon as Dr. Bolton left her.

"I am half afraid of your friend, the doctor," she said with a smile. "He is so very—what shall I say?—so very incisive. If he wants to find out anything he cuts right into the heart of the matter. And you know, Mr. Wolverton, it is not always convenient to inform people of all they may wish to know. Very often others are involved, and we are obliged to remain mysterious, when it is our nature and our preference to be frank."

"Very true," he assented; but as he did not know what the doctor had been saying, he was on his guard.

Miss Lynn went on: "Dr. Bolton told me that when he was in the city yesterday he twice met some one who resembled me. And he expected me to furnish an explanation. Now, was not that unreasonable? But how many people are here, and how prettily they are grouped! It is all very picturesque and charming."

"So glad you like it," replied Mr. Wolverton. "Let me get you some tea, and while I have the opportunity, let me thank you for the trouble you took to deliver that package."

"I know nothing about it, nothing whatever," she said, hurriedly. "Pray believe me, Mr. Wolverton, the contents of the package are utterly unknown to me. It was a trust. I was told that an affair of importance demanded the service, and I agreed to deliver the box. I know nothing more."

"I believe you, certainly, Miss Lynn," he said, kindly, "and I thank you for your trouble. It is a distressing affair."

"So I supposed," she answered.

"But let us forget perplexities and sorrow for a few hours. Here is my daughter. She will give you some tea. Romaine, you have never met Miss Lynn. You will see her every day when you go to visit Miss Emery, and I envy you the pleasure you will have in hearing her play and sing."

"Oh, if you are musical!" cried the girl rapturously, "we shall most surely be friends. You see the harp yonder? And, yes—why do you start? The harpist—you know him? That's nice. Shall I send and ask for him to come over here?"

"No, no, my dear—I—yes—I have met the gentleman. We were formerly well acquainted. But the friendship has been interrupted, and I don't know—I am not sure——"

"Oh! Just as you like," said Romaine carelessly. "He was making such big eyes at you that I couldn't help noticing it, and I thought perhaps you might want him to come and talk to you. Take this chair. Have I made your tea as you like it? What kind of cake? Or do you prefer a biscuit?"

"A biscuit, yes. Thanks."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Romaine, "he is coming! If you don't want to meet him you will have to fly into the house."

"I couldn't very well do that," murmured Miss Lynn, smiling in spite of her evident embarrassment. "After all, I ought to be glad to meet him again, and so I am."

"So you and Miss Lynn are acquainted, Mr. Allison?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied, eagerly. "We were fellow students at the musical college. You have not forgotten me, I hope, Miss Lynn? I used to call you Ellyn, and you used to call me Tom. Those were happy days."

"I never forget any one, nor anything," she said slowly.

He flushed and bit his lip, but answered lightly:

> "'I'll tell thee when the end is come
> How we may best forget.'"

"Ah! You artists are always quoting from the Rosettis," said Romaine, laughing. "Please excuse me now for leaving you. I see some people arriving yonder; I must receive them."

"Still unforgiving, Ellyn," said Mr. Allison, as the young girl tripped away.

"We won't discuss the past," she answered, coldly. "We always agreed on one theme—music. I see you have a superb instrument over there. If its tone equals the beauty of its case it must be perfect."

"I think it so. You may soon judge. I am going to play again soon."

"Oh!" she cried, with genuine regret. "Have you played before? Have I missed it?"

"Only twice," he replied, laughing and showing white teeth below his brown mustache. "If you chose you could hear my harp as much as you wanted—too much, for it would include all the exercises, you know, and the tuning. The harp and the harper are yours in thrall, now as of old, dear Ellyn. It is only your pride keeps us apart. That silly quarrel about nothing—a boy's jealousy on my part, a girl's love of mischief on yours—what is that to wreck two lives?"

> "'Weakness in you and pride in me—
> Two separate paths where one should be.'"

"You were always sentimental," she said, rather scornfully.

"Of course. Sentiment means feeling. True sentimentality is commendable. How's Rosalie?"

"Rosalie persists bravely in her chosen career, but she is not happy. Oh, well! don't let us discuss painful topics. You were going to play. Why don't you begin now?"

"I have an idea. Let us make a sensation—cause the dowagers to weep and the old beaux to have the heartache,

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while making the youths and maidens acknowledge that there are no songs like the old songs."

"How so?"

"You sing 'Long, Long Ago' and let me accompany you. Of course, we must ask permission of our little hostess for the innovation. We shall be singing for the old sake's sake, and, as it were, talking to ourselves, while we enrapture the assembly."

"You are still a boy, Tom," said Miss Lynn; but she did not refuse.

Romaine was delighted. She had heard so much of Miss Lynn's beautiful singing and she hailed this chance to enjoy it.

Mr. Allison improvised a liquid, brilliant prelude and Ellyn Lynn, standing beside him, sang the sweet old song with the perfection of simplicity. The accompaniment, however, was anything but simple. Wonderful effects were produced under those strong brown fingers, for the player had thrown his soul into his performance.

There were tears in more than one pair of eyes when the song ended. A solo on the harp followed.

Dr. Bolton was standing with Mr. Wolvertion a little apart from the others, when a domestic handed the latter a small envelope.

"Ah," he remarked, as he tore it open, "some one has sent regrets. Then his face paled and the look of melancholy, which for an hour or two he had lost, returned. He passed the inclosure to the doctor.

It was a blank card on which was drawn a fantastic profile.

"You see," said Mr. Wolverton, "there is no escaping this torment. It is not only the perpetual teasing that is caused by the incessant appearance of this drawing, for that we might learn to bear; but there is always an uneasy feeling that it may portend something worse. It is like a perpetual threat."

"It ought to be stopped," said Dr. Bolton, indignantly; "but I confess I am at a loss. There seems nothing to take hold of. Does Miss Christine know?"

Mr. Wolverton made a gesture of impatience and despair.

"How can I tell?" he said. "And for that matter what do I care? What earthly difference would her knowing or not knowing make to me now?"

"Well, a woman's wit is often of great service in unraveling a mystery. I wonder if that beautiful Miss Lynn could have anything to do with it."

"I think not. You seem determined to weave some mystery about her; but she strikes me as a good enough sort of girl, not remarkable in any way, aside from her beauty and musical gifts."

But the doctor remembered that swiftly passing figure in the crowded street and the nurse at the sanitarium and held his peace. Miss Lynn, he thought, would bear watching.

At that moment Romaine came running up to claim him as a partner in a country dance which was forming on the lawn.

The village band struck up "Sir Roger."

In vain Dr. Bolton protested. His years, the solemnity of his profession, the dignity of his title, he said, forbade his skipping "down the middle and up again," like the Kerry dancers. What would people say? How silly he would feel.

"Not at all," said Romaine, laughing. "In the first place, you aren't old. In the second place, doctors are always advocating gentle exercise, and should be made now and then to take their own prescriptions. In the third place, everybody is sighing for the days of the Kerry dancing, and as for what people may say, it is possible they might say Dr. Bolton was a lucky fellow to secure little Romaine for a partner. So come along!" she ended. "They are waiting for us."

She had her way, of course, and the doctor, delighted to find his dancing days were not over, threw himself heartily into the fun.

Christine Emery had Mr. Wolverton for a partner. Miss Lynn danced with Tom Allison; and a long line of happy faces and graceful forms went through the figures of the lively reel.

Mr. Emery did not dance. He watched the others for awhile, pleased to see his sister looking bright and young, amused at the doctor's capers, interested in Miss Lynn and her handsome partner. Then he wearied of the monotony of the music and strolled off by himself through the shaded walks, where the clumps of low-growing shrubs and evergreens isolated him completely.

He paced up and down for awhile, enjoying the seclusion, and then in some undefined way he became aware that he was not alone. That unerring instinct—imagination, or whatever it may be—which tells people when they are being observed, warned him of a presence. He looked about him searchingly, and soon discovered the tall form of a woman standing by a cluster of evergreens, which, trimmed into fanciful shapes, aided her concealment, which was also assisted by her carefully arranged garments of deep green. Her figure was superb and her face bore traces of beauty, though its expression was malevolent and inspired distrust and repulsion.

Mr. Emery started back in dismay.

CHAPTER IX.

"In rich content
My soul was growing toward immortal height,
When lo! I saw that by me, through the light,
A shadow went."

"You here!" exclaimed Mr. Emery, indignantly. "How can you dare?"

"I owe no explanation of my action to you, Alan Emery," said the woman, haughtily, "but I will gratify you this once, so far as to tell you that I am here for a sight of my daughter. Heart-hunger is known to all—to the outcast as much as to the pious. My daughter is the only creature I ever really cared for."

"Then, why——"

"Oh! Spare me your preaching!" she interrupted. "Of course. Why didn't I conduct myself so as to keep near her? Why this? Why that? I am here, alone and wretched; she is yonder, bright, happy, surrounded by friends."

"You ought not to be here, Delphine. You and I do not like each other; but I am sorry for you—about Romaine, I mean. I believe you do care for her."

The woman gasped and clutched at her heart.

"You are suffering," said Mr. Emery, quickly. "Let me fetch the doctor."

"And find me here a trespasser where once I ruled! Are you mad? Do you want to bring down misery on my child? She knows nothing of her mother. Let her be happy in her ignorance. As for my suffering, a little pain more or less won't matter. For the part you played in my life's tragedy I have amply revenged myself."

"What do you mean?" he said, startled.

She laughed.

"You have always chosen to assume, Delphine, that I have injured you. Mr. Wolverton employed me as counsel, and I did—as I was bound to do—my best for my client. Any other lawyer would have done the same. I was actuated by no motives of enmity against you; I even suppressed much damaging evidence, using only what was necessary to gain the case. Instead of talking of revenge, you ought to thank me for my moderation."

She made a scornful gesture and turned away from him to watch the dancers.

He addressed her several times without receiving a reply. Perhaps she did not hear him. She was devouring Romaine with her eyes, gazing at the delicate girlish form, the sweet innocent face all happiness and smiles.

Mr. Emery waited impatiently for a few moments, then he said:

"I must insist upon an explanation. You say you revenged yourself. Am I to understand that you were concerned in the disappearance of my wife?"

"I don't care what you choose to suppose," she said, indifferently. "Your wildest conjectures could scarcely hit on the truth."

He saw that it was useless to press the matter, yet it was life and death to him to know. He determined to risk a tremendous bribe.

"Listen to me, Delphine," he said. "If you will tell me all you know, and aid me to find my wife, I will use my influence with Mr. Wolverton to persuade him to allow you to go see Romaine—to talk to her, I mean. I know you love her too dearly to injure her, and I could perhaps convince her father of that fact."

Delphine was tempted. Her strong white hands were clenched and her face worked painfully, but she shook her head.

"My revenge is as dear to me as my own child," she said, bitterly. "And my child is so dear to me that I shall never risk giving her a moment's pang by any selfish considerations.

"No," she continued, after a short silence, "you shall never gain you point by trying to work on my one weakness. Say what you please, you have injured me. It is to your efforts I owe the separation from my daughter, and bitter as my revenge has been, it is only what you deserve at my hands."

Alan Emery winced. He knew her reasoning was false, and that he had done her no injury in conducting the case against her. She it was who had injured herself irreparably by her misconduct; yet it pained him to listen to her reproaches, and it was an agony to him to think of his delicate Caryl, his cherished bride, falling into this fury's power. It must be remembered that he had not been informed of the tidings received from Caryl, and that he was still ignorant of her fate.

While he was wondering what to say, how to plead with her, she dropped her fan. As he stooped to pick it up, she glided swiftly away and was lost among the foliage. He hurried after her, searching the place; but she knew its windings far better than he, and easily eluded him.

Left to himself, Mr. Emery stood pondering. He could not decide to tell Mr. Wolverton of his former wife's presence, knowing how intensely indignant he would be at the thought of such an intrusion; yet he needed help and counsel.

The country dance was coming to an end. Already the couples were strolling off or gathering about the refreshment tables to nibble at sweets.

Mr. Emery beckoned to Dr. Bolton, who resigned Romaine to an eager youth and promptly joined his friend.

"What is it?" he inquired. "You look as though you had seen a ghost."

"Worse than that, Dr. Bolton. I have just seen and spoken to Delphine—Delphine Wolverton that was."

"Wolverton's former wife? Here? Impossible! How could she dare——"

"Dare? She knows no fear and respects no conventions. She wanted to see Romaine, so she said. To do her justice, she adores her daughter. She had concealed herself in the labyrinth over yonder; her dress was all of green, and at a little distance no one could have detected her presence.

"Did she speak to you?"

"Yes. She reproached me for separating her from her daughter, and said that she had amply revenged herself by wrecking my life."

"Ah, my poor, poor friend."

"I could not induce her to tell me where she has hidden my Caryl."

"It might do you no good to know."

"How can you say that?" asked Alan, reproachfully. "If I could even be sure she was alive! If I dared to hope she was alive and well!"

Dr. Bolton was turning things over in his mind. It would never do, so he thought, to take Mr. Emery fully into his confidence. His sense of justice; the fact that he was a member of the legal profession, his natural impatience and indignation would precipitate matters and bring about the nine days' talk Mr. Wolverton was so anxious to avoid. Yet it was cruelty, pure and simple, to let him suffer when a word would lighten his heart.

He decided to risk it.

"If I seem unfriendly and cruel, you must trust me still. Recently a communication was made to me, which I am not at liberty as yet to repeat. It has come to my knowledge that Mrs. Emery, you wife, is alive and well."

Alan Emery clutched at a shrub for support. His face was white, but his eyes shone with a great joy.

"Now Heaven be praised!" he exclaimed devoutedly. "Can you tell me more?"

"Not yet. I rely on your discretion. You must do the hardest thing I could ask of you. I mean you must remain inactive and await events. It is my earnest hope that your wife may soon be under her husband's care, but the affair is involved. Should the present scheme fail, we must fall back on the strong arm of the law. In any case her return is now but a question of time."

"It seems too much to believe; I can hardly bear it," gasped Alan, faintly. "I have dreaded so many things for her personal safety that the relief of hearing you say she is alive and well seems almost enough. Tomorrow I shall probably be impatient for action. Just now I am simply thankful and glad. I may tell Christine?"

"As you think best," replied the doctor, "but I would be cautious about discussing the matter."

"Trust me for that."

He did tell Christine, who rejoiced with him. Her sweet sympathy braced him to curb his impatience. He resolved to abide by Dr. Bolton's counsel and await events.

CHAPTER X.

"The very stains and fractures on the wall,
Assuming features solemn and terrific,
Hinted some tragedy of that old hall
Locked up in hieroglyphic."

Romaine was wretched after her father left. She moped and pined. Christine had given her a pretty room fitted up with all the fripperies girls love, but the only thing Romaine seemed to care about was the window that looked toward home. She sat for hours gazing at the distant trees and the scarcely visible turrets over at Wolverton's. She had never been separated from her father for any length of time; she disapproved of his entering the sanitarium, not knowing his true reason, and her depression became so great that Christine began to despair of overcoming it.

She was very patient with the girl, and Romaine was grateful. They loved each other all the more as each per-

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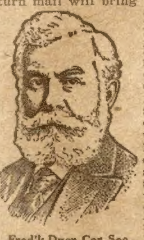

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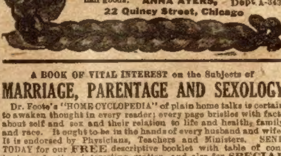

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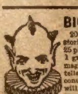

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ceived the depth of the other's affection for the absent one.

"Miss Christine," said Romaine, one day, "I think you are the best and loveliest woman I have ever met."

"Then don't say 'Miss' any longer, dear. Call me Christine!"

"I have always hoped some day to call you mother," said Romaine, in a low tone.

Christine colored a little; she did not reply, but she bent down and kissed the pretty face.

"You are moping, Romaine," she said, after a silence. "Your father will be disappointed to find you pale and depressed on his return. Would it not be well to occupy yourself in something special? Take up your music, for instance, and surprise your father with your progress. Miss Lynn will be delighted to direct your practice."

"I am afraid it might trouble her."

"Not at all. She spoke to me about it, and said she would like to teach you."

"Well," said Romaine, listlessly. "I will accept her kind offer, but I am too homesick this morning to settle myself to anything. I simply must go and have a look at my gardens. I suppose I can't get into the house?"

"Over at Wolverton's? The gardener has the keys, but I would not go in alone if I were you."

"I don't know that I can to go in at all, but I want to wonder about the grounds and think."

Romaine rode over on her bicycle, dismounting at the lodge and leaving her wheel with the gardener's wife. She spent some time in the gardens, admiring their perfect order. The gardener, old Peter Johnson, was a veritable enthusiast in his own craft. It was his delight to improve old varieties and introduce new beauties, so that the owners of the fine grounds at Wolverton's and their many friends were continually enjoying little surprises and meeting floral favorites under new aspects. If he had not yet achieved the yellow convolvulus or the blue chrysanthemum, he had accomplished wonders almost as great

After gathering some delicate campanuli to carry to Miss Emery, who was extremely fond of every variety of harebell, Romaine sat down on the rustic bench to rest. She was gazing absently at the irregular old mansion, when she suddenly observed that one of the windows was open and the shutters barred. She knew it had not been left so; she remembered the care with which she had inspected the fastenings of bolts and bars, and she started to go and fetch the gardener or his wife and go over to the house. At that moment old Peter appeared with some gardening implements. Romaine greeted him and pointing to the window she confided her fears.

He was astonished and a little timid about going in without some weapon of defense, but finally agreed.

The young girl trembled a little as they entered the dim, silent dwelling and went up to investigate the mystery of the open window.

The room was one that was seldom occupied; it was usually kept locked and was unfamiliar to Romaine, who supposed correctly that it formed part of her mother's suite.

She looked about her with curiosity and interest. The rich appointments told of luxurious tastes. White draperies fell from windows and doors, the walls were covered with a heavy white velvet paper, the furniture was all in keeping. Time had mellowed the snowy textures into a beautiful ivory tint. Here and there a bordering of silver tinsel glittered faintly as the sunlight caught it. The floor was of dark, hardwood, laid in a fanciful pattern and covered by costly rugs, soft in hue and fabric.

What attracted Romaine most was a superb piece of tapestry which covered nearly half of one of the walls. It represented an angry sea near the shore of which, on a huge rock, arose a lighthouse, calm and still amidst the dashing waves, a beacon of hope and safety to the storm-tossed or the wrecked. The greatest care had been put into the execution of the design and the effect was realistic to a startling degree. Romaine, as she gazed, fancied she heard the booming of the sea; the light in the tower seemed to glimmer and twinkle and flash its triple rays.

"Shifting its light like a twinkling star
With ever a star's sweet constancy."

The tapestry did not hang loose as such draperies usually do; it was framed in a massive style that made Romaine wonder if it might not cover a recess or shallow closet. Occupied with this idea, she did not observe the growing uneasiness of Peter, who fidgeted impatiently in his anxiety to be gone. Mrs. Wolverton had impressed all her domestics with a belief in her knowledge of black art, and there was something uncanny about this silent chamber which made the old man nervous; he was eager to get away.

Romaine's hand was feeling along the edge of the tapestry frame when a slip of white paper fluttered to her feet. She picked it up and saw—as she expected to see—the hideous, but familiar profile which had haunted her father for so long. It did not alarm her—she had grown used to these manifestations and had decided in her own mind that they were due to clever trickery; she even guessed at their source, though she had never hinted her suspicions to a living soul. So she glanced carelessly at the paper, and was turning again to inspect the tapestry, when an electric bell below started to ring.

Peter was frightened; he looked so pale that Romaine gathered all her own courage to reassure him.

"It is nothing," she said, though the persistent ringing filled her with a vague alarm. "We have nothing to fear: let us go down and investigate."

They descended and went directly to the indicator in the servants' hall. It pointed to the "white chamber."

So the bell button must have been pressed in that room and they had not been alone!

"I am going back," said Romaine, firmly, and to this determination she held, despite poor old Peter's entreaties. He could do nothing to dissuade her, and very reluctantly he accompanied her as she resolutely mounted and walked toward the "white chamber." She reached the door, which in their hurry they had left wide open.

It was closed. She tried it. It was locked.

"Let us go down and look at the window," whispered Romaine. Peter agreed with alacrity, only too happy to get out of the eerie mansion. They went out and looked up. The shutters, which had been open, were tightly closed, and the house looked mournful and deserted.

Thanking the old man for his escort and protection, Romaine mounted her wheel and rode thoughtfully away.

She said nothing to Christine or Miss Lynn about the strange occurrences of the day, and her listless manner and clouded brow were attributed by them to fatigue. She spoke little during the evening repast and looked so grave that Mr. Emery asked her playfully if she had forgotten how to smile.

She made some vague answer, and Alan went to the library, the ladies adjourning as usual to the drawingrooms.

Miss Lynn had brought down some duets and wanted Romaine to try them. She was about to comply, when Miss Emery, who had left the room a moment before, entered, carrying a sandalwood box full of photographs.

"Here are some pictures," she said, "which are considered unique. I have never seen any like them. I am sure you will both be interested in looking them over. They were taken by Mr. Wolverton and my brother during a time of photograph craze. I believe Dr. Bolton shared the mania and lent his aid on the chemical side of their experiments. They vied with each other in producing effects natural and supernatural and the results are very curious."

Christine laid the pictures on a small card table, about which they gathered to examine the visions and discuss them.

A strange collection, truly. Some so vague and shadowy that the eye had to grow used to their "atmosphere" before seeing into their dusky depths, others bold and distinct. There were mist-like forms, ethereal as vapor, transparent as glass; there were frosty boughs and clustering summer roses; stormy seas and cheerful plains. Mount and vale and stream were pictured, all of which were duly admired.

"But here," said Miss Emery, "is the most interesting picture of all—one which seems to have almost magic properties. Examine it carefully, and you will be surprised, I promise you."

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

* * *

Good Old Mother.

"Hasn't Molly Jones the most wonderful hair?" she was asking as they entered the department store

"Oh, yes; it looks well, piled up the way she wears it," was the reply. "She has her mother's hair."

"I suppose she has," the other giggled. "She's too stingy to buy any of her own."

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Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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1,000,000
COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

A man always wins a fight—in his mind.

Love is an excellent diet—between meals.

A swelled head seldom contains a strong mind.

The poor we have always with us—speaking of excuses.

Some girls would lose out even if every year was a leap year.

No man ever abuses an enemy as much as he does his stomach.

It's almost as easy to give good advice as it is not to follow it.

The wise leap year maid will keep both eyes on the young widows.

When a straight man strays into crooked paths he is apt to go lame

An ounce of sense today is far better than a pound of regret tomorrow.

Anyway a spinster can pretend that she would rather be her own boss.

Some women never get homesick because they are not home long enough.

Any fool can please a woman, but it takes a wise man to keep her pleased.

The more money a man has the more his relatives are willing to do for him.

Many a man saves money only to lose it by lending it to some man who didn't save any.

And many a man treats a stranger better in a barroom than he treats his wife at home.

A woman may know just what to say, but she can be depended upon to add a lot more to it.

Frequently we hear women say: "If I were only a man!" Cheer up, ladies: leap year isn't over.

And many a man has built a castle in the air while his wife was nailing a board on the back fence.

How contented most women seem to be who live alone—and how discontented most men are who try it!

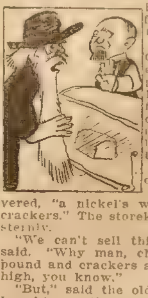
You will probably be dead a long time, but that is no reason why you should make a fool of yourself while living.

At the age of 21 a man starts in to reform the world, but at 50 he is busy trying to keep the world from reforming him.

If a young man isn't fired with enthusiasm over his job he may find himself fired with enthusiasm by his employer later.

ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE

Rip's Return.



The old man drifted uneasily into the country store and stared about him. People stared at him, for he was a stranger to all but one man.

"That's old man Grimshaw," this one explained in a whisper, "he's a hermit. I guess this is the first time he's come out o' the mountains in ten years. He lives on roots an' berries an' things."

The old man leaned over the counter.

"Gimme," he quavered, "a nickel's worth o' cheese and crackers." The storekeeper regarded him sternly.

"We can't sell things that way," he said. "Why man, cheese is 25 cents a pound and crackers are away up—flour's high, you know."

"But," said the old man, "last time I bought any they gave me a bag full o' crackers with a hunk of cheese in it." The grocer laughed.

"When was that?" he asked. The old man reflected.

"'Bout eight years ago," he said. "I been away."

"I should think you had!" the grocer exclaimed. "And didn't you used to buy a can of cove oysters and get some crackers and peppersauce and vinegar throwed in?" The old man nodded.

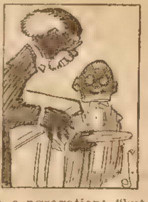
"An' set on a barrel in th' store," pursued the grocer, "an' make a lunch out of it?" The old man nodded again.

"Nothin' doing like that now," the grocer assured him. "Times has changed."

"I guess so," the old man sighed, opening a dirty leather bag with his teeth, "gimme $2 wuth o' crackers an' cheese. Do I pay extra for the bag?"

* * *

Brother Johnson's Appeal.



At the end of the first six months of his pastorate, Reverend Amos Johnson had learned the ways of his flock so thoroughly that he knew exactly how to deal with them. One Sunday the collection was deplorably slender. The next week Mr. Johnson made a short and telling speech at the close of his sermon.

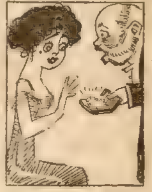
"I don't want any man to gib more dan his share, bredren," he said, gently bending toward the congregation; "but we must all gib according as the Lawd has blessed an' favored us and according to what we rightly hab.

"I say rightly hab, bredren," he went on, after a short pause, "because we don' want any tainted money in de box. Squire Jones told me dat he'd missed some chickens dis week. Now if any one ob my pore benighted bredren has fallen by de way in connection wid dose chickens, let him stay his hand from de box when it comes to him.

"Brudder Leroy, will you pass de box while I watch de signs an' see if dere's any one in de congregation dat needs me to wrastle in prayer for him?"

* * *

Her Hearing Improved.



"It isn't true that every beautiful chorus girl is mercenary," says George M. Cohan, "but it is certainly true that some chorus girls are.

"I know an aged millionaire who laid his heart at the feet of one of the most beautiful chorus girls who ever trod the Great White Way. But the girl received those protestations of devotion coldly.

"'Are you deaf to my suit?' the poor old fellow groaned.

"'Yes, I am,' said the chorus girl, and she laughed coldly.

"Then the millionaire took from the pocket of his frock coat a black morocco case. He sprung the gold clasp; the lid flew back; within, on a bed of black satin, glittered a necklace of huge diamonds. The chorus girl gave a little, breathless cry. The necklace seemed alive. It seemed, on its black satin bed, a thing of pure fire that writhed and glowed and trembled, continually emitting the clearest rays.

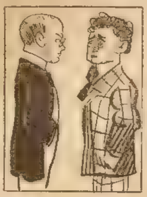
"'Are you still deaf?' asked the wealthy man.

"'A[illegible] the chorus girl. 'Ah, no, I['m] not stone deaf.'"

* * *

A tax on bachelors would not reduce the supply of spinsters. Most bachelors would rather pay a fine, anyway.

His Match.



"Richard Mansfield had a ready tongue," said an actor in a Broadway restaurant, "but he often met his match.

"He once hired a comedian who is now a great success; but the young man in those days didn't know his business. What sublime cheek he had, though.

"Mansfield, one night in Chicago, after the young fellow had spoiled his best scene, said in the most cutting Mansfield manner:

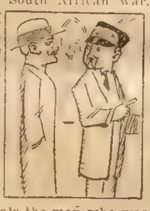
"'Mr. Dash, I'm afraid we shall not be together next season.'

"The other looked surprised and shocked.

"'What, are you going to leave us, Dick?' he said."

* * *

Where Our Dead Go.



Major S. Harris, one of the Australians who fought in the South African war, visited British Columbia and finally settled down in Vancouver. Now he tells of a man in his province who went over to see London for the first time last year and was being shown through Westminster Abbey. He got into conversation with a tourist agent who was showing a party about, and at intervals the man who was explaining asked the British Columbian questions about Vancouver. "I suppose that in your country you have no place like the abbey?" he suggested.

"No," replied the other.

"Then what, may I ask, do you do with your illustrious dead?"

"First," replied the British Columbian, "we appoint a commission to see whether the man is really dead, and then if the commission decides in the affirmative we send him to the legislature."

* * *

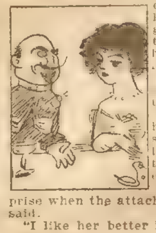
Before and After.

She (pouting)—Before we were married you often used to catch me in your arms.

He—Yes, and now I catch you in my pockets.

* * *

The English Language.



At a society dinner in Washington Mrs. S— was placed next to an attache of a South American legation. She had great difficulty in talking to him, for he understood very little English. [illegible] caught, however, [illegible] the conversation became general.

"Mrs. B—," she heard one say, "looks so much better in her morning suits than she does in her evening dress."

What was her surprise when the attache turned to her and said:

"I like her better in her night dress."

She could not then and there explain the peculiarities of the English language.

* * *

Too Much Money.

"Did you try counting sheep for your insomnia?"

"Yes, doctor, but I made a mess of it. I counted 10,000 sheep, put 'em on the cars and shipped 'em to market. The wad of money I got for 'em made me afraid to go to sleep."

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FRUIT LANDS—Beautiful Kootenay Valley, B. C., 88 acres, subdivided into 2 4-acre tracts, 11 of 5-acres and one of 25 acres. The 25-acre tract is improved, has dwelling, stable, ice-house, etc. All for a limited time at the low price of $6,000. Adjoining land held at $[illegible] per acre. Will cost you nothing to write and investigate. Owner forced to realize thereon. ½ cash, balance easy terms. Only six hours from Spokane, Wash. Pure water, ideal climate and very low taxes. Address D. B. Dulmage, Morgan Park, Illinois.

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CHAS. E. KRAMER and Ray Smallwood. Last heard from working out of Spokane for Dan Boyington. Address Mrs. Bessie Bryant, Troy, Montana.

A CLEW BY WIRE;

Or, The Spur of Necessity

By ARCHIBALD J. PAXTON

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CHAPTER XVI.

CLEVER WORK.

IN SUSPECTING that [illegible] Severance might be the man who entered the house [illegible] bent on [illegible]ing what was in his safe, and forced by circumstances to commit murder before he was through with the job, Van Alstine, the sleuth-hound was basing his theory upon several strong points.

First of all, this man had been quite chummy with the one found dead in his library. Second, he must have had abundant opportunities for knowing that Doncaster kept considerable funds on hand. Third, he lisped frequently; and Alma had plainly declared that the unknown from whom she had received the packet wrapped in newspaper had such [illegible] odor that positively reminded him of the [illegible] in mask which he had [illegible]

[illegible] pretty much of a dand[illegible] in his mode of dre[illegible] The old law[illegible] had referred to the fact with something like a plain sneer at the time the soci[illegible] swell had [illegible]ssed them with a few wor[illegible] He used scent on his handkerchief, and seemed to have a decided penchant for the latest and most novel perfumes.

So an avenging Nemesis must have been hovering over him at the time he made his raid on the Doncaster house; for undoubtedly he had thrust the limp mask into the pocket that held his [illegible]

[illegible] Severance of such a heinous deed, or laying his discovery before the coroner.

All the while he was wondering what the motive of the other could be, in thus actually seeking to cultivate his company. Up to recently they had been no more than speaking acquaintances.

Van Alstine had little use for such a butterfly of fashion as he believed the other to be. Sometimes he fancied that Severance must be hard put for ready cash, and had conceived the idea that he would make a good banker, if properly baited. Then again he came to the conclusion that there might be something graver in his actions.

He surely must feel the most intense curiosity concerning what had passed between Doncaster and the man who was first at his side after his demise. Vague rumors about a talk over the 'phone had possibly reached his ears and he was consumed by a terrible desire to learn the worst.

Perhaps he was armed at that very [illegible], and ready to add a second crime [illegible] he really knew, or suspected, the [illegible]

It was not a very pleasant thought, and the doctor-detective realized that he had better be exceedingly careful how he [illegible] himself, if he did not want to be [illegible] down in cold blood.

Severance could explain that the other [illegible] snatched up a pistol from the table, fired without hardly knowing what [illegible] did. They would be alo[illegible] apartment, and the marks of fingers would appear upon his throat to prove the strange [illegible]tion!

[illegible] nd of the investigator in a marvelously brief space of time; but he did not fail in the least, and only resolved to play his cards with redoubled caution, and meet an emergency as it arose.

Severance closed the door behind him. Although he seemed to pay no attention to the actions of his host, Van Alst[illegible] noticed that he deftly turned a bolt [illegible] the act was so significant that he could hardly keep from letting his hand creep around to where he usually carried a small but up-to-date automatic pistol. Thank goodness! he had placed it in his pocket before starting out on this chase. [illegible] uerer was no child's play, and that he might have good need of such a life-preserver before reaching the end of his course.

"Well, what do you think of my den?" Severance asked the question naturally enough, as he swept his hand around.

"You certainly have a luxurious apartment, and just so long as you are surrounded by such Oriental rugs and draperies, as well as this expensive lot [illegible] the blighting touch of poverty—for I remember [illegible]"

The bait took. Severance frowned as he replied:

"That is where the shoe pinches. These [illegible]gs are a part of my life. Take them away, and I care precious little what became of me. I admit that they are under a pledge now; but I hope to redeem the lot before the time is up. One of the conditions of the loan was that they should remain here until the date of expiration. An unusual affair, but it has happened before, you see; and the [illegible] was always forthcoming. It will again!"

A motive at last! Desperation had spurred him on to rob his friend; for doubtless a man of his caliber had little [illegible] matter.

Necessity again, as in the case of Alma; but what a vast difference. In the one case a holy motive had caused the young girl to break her promise to her [illegible] presence of the man whom she knew remembered his former wife only with bitter hatred.

With Severance it was worldly love of [illegible]

"I can imagine that you have some [illegible]htful gatherings in these [illegible]rked the guest.

"Frequ[illegible]; and I hope that you will honor me soon with your company, Doctor. A gentleman's game is the only thing allowed."

"Thank you, I may. The temptation to [illegible]our place lighted up and brimming [illegible]e would be great. I hope you [illegible]ave your mind freed from this [illegible]ng and carking care before then."

[illegible] with regard to the in[illegible] is now hanging over [illegible]tes? Make your mind easy, another sun will not have set before that ghost is laid, and once more the offing clear," replied Severance, boastfully.

"Ah! that sounds good. History repeats itself, and if these loan sharks ever get you on the hip I fancy they [illegible] pretty early in the morning."

He had an object in lulling any slight suspicion to sleep. To himself the doctor was saying:

"Then he actually means to visit the home of Alma, to claim that package of loot he placed in her hands—perhaps this very night! That would clinch matters definitely. After such an expose he could not claim any sort of defense. Let him once have that plunder in his possession, and his game is up!"

[illegible] mind just what the circumstances called [illegible] ment house where the police had been balked in their raid on the previous night, he must be laying in wait, with a couple of officials, ready to pounce upon the other while he yet had the fatal packet on his person. Meanwhile, let him devote himself to playing the part he had come here to carry out.

"How about those English bracele[illegible] you were going to show me, Severance[illegible]

They had been examining many articles scattered about the room, and connected with which the host narrated numerous stories concerning the manner of their acquisition in foreign lands.

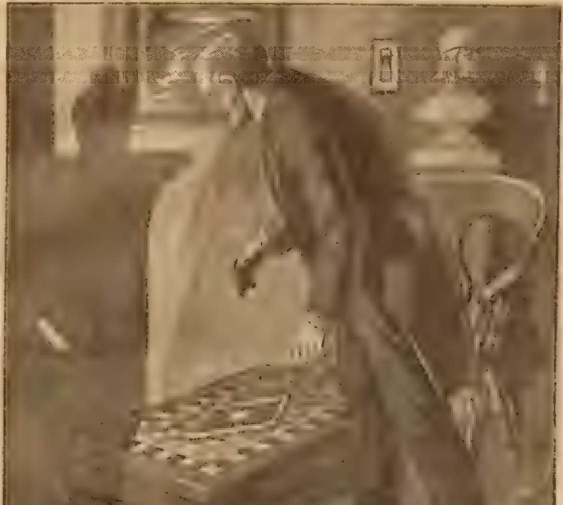
"To be sure, and that was the prime [illegible] of your paying me this visit, which I assure you I appreciate more than a little. [illegible] darbies, as they call them over there, on exhibition. I am not at all proud of that [illegible] though unwilling to get rid of the mementos. Just wait for me while I fish them out of a trunk in the bedroom [illegible]"

[illegible] two. Of course, he was still moving around, as though bent on examining the variou[illegible] which reminded Severance of [illegible]s; but hardly had the other vanis[illegible]d than the detective stepped hurriedly over to what seemed to be an [illegible] covered with curious designs in richest native colors. It was evidently a receptacle for clothes or other things, and could serve as a seat in a b[illegible] room as well.

Van Alstine had a motive in moving toward this box. That watchful eye of his had some time before caught sight of an object that protruded from under the lid, which had evidently been hastily dropped. [illegible] muslin mask which had been [illegible] the floor near where poor Doncaster lay weltering in his blood.

Bending down as if to examine the weird markings on the lid of the long box, he deftly managed to tear a strip of [illegible] with the mask at his first opportunity.

[illegible]



He managed to tear a strip of the cloth away.

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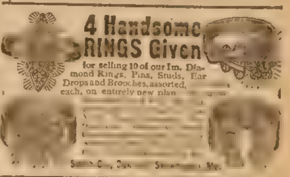

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schemes of plotting men frequently brought to naught. One little screw loose will wreck the most wonderful mechanical device ever constructed; and a slight omission may expose the best concealed of crimes.

Presently back came Severance, his face aglow from his exertions in hunting through a trunk. He was even rather jolly, as though satisfied that any little doubt which might have existed concerning his safety had now been set at rest.

"Here they are, the beauties. Had to root deep down to find them, though. Fancy a gentleman having such things fast to his wrists! I often laugh, and then swear at the memory. But variety is the spice of life; and such a nature as mine must expect to meet up with a lot of queer happenings."

"Yes, I have seen English handcuffs before, and always thought they were a bit too cumbersome. But it all runs in line with the solid nature of the people. They build to last over there—no frame houses that rot away; but stone and brick to stand the wear and tear of centuries."

In this manner did the Doctor talk, and Severance ceased to watch him out of the tail of his eye in that suspicious way that told of an uneasy soul. Van Alstine now wanted to break away, and yet felt that he must go to work cautiously.

"I have an engagement that I must keep, old man, and I really hope you'll excuse me now. I promise to see you again without fail. Somehow, I fancy we may have some dealings together sooner or later. And I'm glad you brought me here, more so than I can tell you. May I say good night now without offense?"

"Why, certainly, Doctor. I know what an engagement sometimes means. But I hope you will change your mind about going across the water tomorrow. By Jove! I'd really like to see something more of you. I've enjoyed your company first rate. It isn't every man who appreciates these knick knacks I've collected as you seem to have done. I'll accompany you downtown, for there is some one I want to see tonight."

"Glad of your company, then," returned Van Alstine.

They went out of the luxurious bachelor's apartments arm in arm; and a taxicab being at hand they entered, to be once more whirled to the club from which their pilgrimage had started.

The doctor-detective was perfectly satisfied, when he shook hands with Severance and promised to see him again soon, that he would have occasion to keep his word. Perhaps much more speedily than the society swell imagined.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROUNDED UP.

When Van Alstine left the club he made positive, in the first place, that he was not pursued. He did not know what such a tricky rascal might not attempt if the spirit moved. But then, if he had passed through the ordeal of being alone with Severance in the latter's rooms without anything happening, he felt that the suspect would continue to delude himself with the belief that all was well, and the truth buried out of sight.

At least, no one dogged his footsteps as he followed a zigzag course through several blocks. Satisfied, at length, that all was clear, Van Alstine hied him away for home.

He wished to examine that remnant of black muslin by the aid of a magnifying glass, and to compare it with the mask which he carried. Only in that conclusive manner could he satisfy his strict method of proving a fact.

In the seclusion of his rooms he proceeded to do this same thing. The result satisfied him that without a doubt the mask worn by the murderer of Addison Doncaster had been fashioned from the very piece of fabric which he had seen protruding from the Oriental box in the apartment of Severance!

Perhaps it had been purchased long ago, with that purpose in view; and given a chance to examine the balance, he might even find the very cut into which the mask would fit! What better evidence could any court want than that? Still, there was one more thing necessary to clinch matters beyond any possibility of mistake. He wanted to catch Severance in the act of making off with the booty taken from the Doncaster safe in his possession; and since there could be no telling how soon the other might start for the tenement in Calico Lane, perhaps he ought to be on the move at once.

Accordingly he again left his rooms. This time he took a vehicle that dropped him at the police station connected with that precinct in which the tenement chanced to be located. Here he found a friend in the captain in charge, to whom he told a little story that caused a glow of admiration to creep across the face of the bluecoat.

"I only wish I had a man like you on my force, Doctor Van. There would be far less mysteries going unsolved, if brains like yours could only be used. But you can have whatever you want, and I'm only to glad to have the chance to assist in rounding up this devil who has been preying on society in his glad rags. A more dangerous character could not be found; and he has none of the excuses for his criminal instincts that a poor fellow in rags might show. Love of purple and fine linen, the good things of the world—these have been back of it all. I haven't got a pinch of regret that he's to be brought to book. So he struck Doncaster? A pretty case all around, Doctor, hang me if it isn't!"

"Thank you, Captain; but all I want now is the loan of two smart men to back me up, when I try to nab him with the goods on," said the other, in reply to all this praise.

"Is there any one in particular among the reserves you'd care to have?"

"Turn me loose among them, and I'll see."

He knew a number of the men, and his advent in the back room of the station was the signal for more or less excitement. For they were acquainted with Van Alstine's proved skill as a crime investigator; and each man was hoping he would be selected to accompany the Doctor.

Picking out two whom he knew to be shrewd and reliable, Van Alstine talked with the captain for another brief interval. Then, accompanied by the two bluecoats, he passed out into the night. Ten minutes later they reached the tenement, and took up a position where they could see without betraying their presence.

Once more that heap of rubbish and old barrels proved worth while, and then the vigil began.

Leaving his men on guard, the detective slipped up the stairs once more, and knocked at the door of the Widow Jones. It was Alma who answered the summons. She looked relieved at seeing who stood there.

"You fancied that he had come again for the package?" said Van Alstine, smiling as he shook hands.

"Yes, that was my first thought. But I am glad to see you. Frank was here to supper, and has just gone back to his duty," she remarked, turning rosy with happiness.

"And you told him the whole wonderful story."

"That was in the bargain, you said, Doctor!"

"Quite right. And how did he take it?"

"He was both delighted and sad. You see he is a proud boy, and he had set his mind on taking care of me all the rest of my life. Now this money——"

"Well, he must help take care of it and you, that's all. He can't very well break away, can he?"

"Oh, no! Nothing would induce him to do that. He says he supposes he'll just have to submit."

"I like that. It sounds fine. And I wager there are mighty few young fellows but who would be just crazy with delight if they found that they had won an heiress, after all. But I did not come to call on you, Alma; but to tell you I expect that man to drop in at any moment now, to claim the package."

"Oh!"

She shuddered, nor could he blame the girl, since she now knew that the party from whose hands she had received that same parcel had murdered her father.

"You have it ready?" he pursued.

"Yes, sir, just as you left it. I did not even allow Frank to touch it."

"That was a wise thing, Alma, for any alteration in its appearance might excite the suspicions of the man."

"I am to give it to him when he comes?"

"Yes, and try very hard not to appear frightened. Act as though you really believed that fairy story he told you; and express the hope that the wicked nephew may be defeated in his nefarious plans."

She smiled now at his words.

"I understand what you mean, sir, and I'll try and carry it out. Perhaps, after all, I may not be such a poor actress," she said.

"I think you will do very well, Alma. But I must be going now, for fear that he surprises me here."

"You expect to arrest him, of course, sir?"

"As he comes out of this building, with the incriminating packet in his possession."

With that he turned and passed away, leaving Alma to close her door and wait patiently for another summons.

Joining his two guardians in the street Van Alstine waited as best the circumstances allowed. While the hour was not late fortunately the air proved nipping, and this seemed to keep the denizens of that neighborhood off the streets. Consequently the presence of the police in hiding was not discovered.

Half an hour later the detective caught sight of an advancing figure that he knew instantly must be the man he expected. A slouch hat concealed the features to some extent; but Van Alstine had studied his walk until he could have picked him out from fifty masked pedestrians. His manner of looking about him told that he must be keyed up to a nervous pitch.

He darted into the entrance of the tenement. The minutes crept by.

Van Alstine had laid his plans, and the officers knew just what was expected of them. They ranged up close alongside the doorway, taking advantage of the shadows there.

Several persons entered and came out; but Van Alstine, who was watching, did not give the signal agreed on. He hoped nothing could have occurred above to put Severance on his guard, and cause him to try and leave the building by some other exit than the front door.

Surely he could not be talking to Alma all this time! What if he had seen the in her looks to indicate a feeling of horror toward him—would he have attempted anything harboring on violen in the hope and expectation of silen her tongue?

He was a desperate and unscrupu man, and facing a disgraceful f if once caught; but the detective ren bered that Alma's mother was the the room, and surely she would sc out if any violence were attempted

No, he must be either talking wit girl, attracted by her beauty, o

(Continued on page twenty.)

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LOOKING AFTER THINGS.

BUT, James —" protested Mrs. Banket

That was as far as she got. Her husband turned on her an implacable face. "Not one word!" he said "I've got some sense if you haven't, and I guess I can see a case of nervous prostration coming on if you can't! You need rest, Elmira, and you're going to begin today. It's Sunday and there's nothing special to do, and——"

Mrs. Banket groaned "Nothing to do!" she repeated, in faint sarcasm. "If that isn't just like a man! Why——"

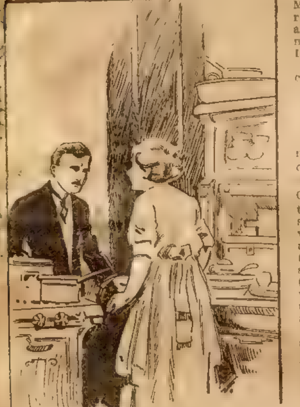
"Well then, I'm here to do it, am I not?" demanded Banket. "You're to stay in bed and sleep if you want to, but at any rate you're not going to get up. It isn't beyond a mere man to run a dinky little house like this one for one day?"

"Well," said Mrs. Banket, "there's a lot to do and——"

"What's that!" Banket demanded, indignantly, as shrieks arose from another room.

"I think Thomas is pulling Angeline's hair," Mrs. Banket explained. "You'd better go and see."

Banket strode into the next room and his wife heard his expostulatory voice A dead quiet ensued because of the surprise of the younger Bankets at seeing their father up and dressed on Sunday morning instead of enjoying his breakfast and paper upstairs. Then they started to explain and the resultant din made Mrs. Banket smile as if she were enjoying herself. Banket came back, frowning.



"PUT ON AN EXTRA PLACE,"

"I should think," he said, "that you'd have enough control over those young hyenas so that they'd mind better when they're spoken to! They have absolutely no sense of respect for——"

"Something's burning in the kitchen," broke in Mrs. Banket. "You'll have to go and see——"

Banket went. It was the breakfast oatmeal and Tilly was in a highly disturbed state of mind. She was more so when Banket explained that the mistress of the house would not be visible that day.

"But what'll I do?" Tilly asked. She was not strong on meeting emergencies.

[illegible] repeated Banket. "Wh—what do you usually do when the oatmeal burns?"

"It never burned before," Tilly told him, anxiously. "When the meat burned once, Mrs. Banket she— —"

"We'll [illegible] 'bout breakfast food for once," Banket said, with dignity. He felt proud of his inspiration. "And I'll take up Mrs. Banket's breakfast if you'll fix it.

"Mrs. Banket," rejoined Tilly placidly, "she fix it herself

Banket clumsily got things on the tray, burned himself with the coffee, tripped on the stairs and stepped on Angeline, who was crawling through the upper hall on her hands and knees. She explained indignantly that she was a caterpillar and that he had "squashed" her. Banket set down the tray with a slight bang. Then he spanked Angeline and attended to Thomas, who was shrieking for the exact location of his fresh underwear.

"You've got to learn us the text," they both chirped to their father.

Thomas and Angeline were enjoying themselves greatly. Father's way of doing their hair was novel in the extreme and they expected to cause excitement on their arrival at Sunday School. When Banket got them off he was puffing and exhausted.

"You'll have to see what Tilly is doing to the dinner," Mrs. Banket woke up long enough to tell him. "There's to be a fricassee, and tell her not to forget the biscuits, as she did last Sunday, nor the cranberry jelly. And I'm sure I don't know what kind of a salad she can do by herself or——"

Banket found Tillie in tears. "The dessert," she explained, "it will not get hard! In the icebox!"

Banket investigated. Tilly opened the icebox door to show him and then screamed. The dish of gelatin she had set on the ice had slipped and toppled bottom side up. "What shall I make now?" Tilly wailed. "What shall I make now?"

Banket swallowed hard. "We—we will do without dessert to-day," he said. "Mrs. Banket said something about cranberry jelly—there's the phone!"

"Why, of course!" Banket lied nobly over the phone. "If you're down this way to church come right on over for dinner—glad to have you, Aunt Sarah!"

"Put on an extra place," he ordered Tilly, who was running around in circles in the kitchen. "There's company—and fix something for dessert—I don't know what—fried ostrich if you want to—whatever you're used to fixing when the dessert tips over!"

Angeline fell down on the way home from Sunday School and was muddy from hem to throat. Aunt Sarah came while Banket was in the throes of re-dressing his offspring. She stayed till 6 o'clock and Banket had to sit and entertain her instead of leaving that acrid duty to Mrs. Banket while he retired with cigar and book to the den. Thomas and Angeline, being somewhat unrestricted, had made a wreck of the usually orderly downstairs.

Hungry, tired to death and wiser, Banket opened the door to look in on Mrs. Banket after dusk. She looked so rested and cheerful that it made him angry. "Here," he roared, "if there's any more nervous prostration in this house I'm going to have it myself''

"Why," inquired Mrs. Banket, innocently, "have you been busy, dear?"

* * *

Mrs. Yates Forgot.

Mrs. Yates, a woman of high attainment and of philanthropic impulses, frequently found it necessary to help her aged colored cook about the kitchen. One Sunday, when she was assisting in the preparations for dinner, she was surprised to hear the last bell for church, where she was accustomed to conduct a morning class. Mrs. Yates rushed into the garden to pick some flowers which she wanted to send to a sick woman, then hurried to the church. The young women of her class, of which her daughter Hattie was a member, were already assembled.

The teacher threw off her light wrap and, standing before the group of students, had become deeply absorbed in her discourse when she was interrupted by the tittering of her daughter. Directing a half-abstracted, half-reproachful look toward the disturber, and then following the girl's covert gestures, she discovered that over her black silk dress she was wearing her large brown garden apron.

Mrs. Yates' equipose was disturbed only for a moment. Even while removing the superfluous garment and rolling it into a neat bundle, she resumed her discourse.

It seemed, however, that the irrepressible Hattie did not share her mother's self-control. As her laughter continued to bubble out, more gleefully, more insistently than ever, the teacher once again withdrew her gaze from her inward vision and directed it, this time with severe reproach, at her daughter.

But the disorder had now extended to the entire class. Those of the young women who had not collapsed behind their handkerchiefs were looking with amused eyes at their instructor.

It was with a deep blush that Mrs. Yates now took off and quietly folded away one of the cook's red calico aprons, which was noticeably soiled. But when this act instead of restoring calm, as she had expected, produced instead an unrestrained outburst from the entire class, she once more looked down quickly, to find that she had succeeded only in revealing her own house apron—a dainty affair of ruffled dimity, but still an apron.

With a smile of whimsical humor on her face, Mrs. Yates, picked up her Bible.

"No," she said, with a probibitory shake of her head at her daughter, "we'll not remove this one—the next layer might be worse."

* * *

An Improvised Pillow.

Sleeping on a mat under the moon in a cannibal country is a pale adventure compared with a lodge in an old-time Irish Inn at the height of the tourist season. A certain master of the Galway Hunt arrived at a small inn where all the beds were already taken.

A kitchen table was requisitioned, a heterogeneous collection of bedclothes was arranged upon it—into the exact nature of which it was perhaps not well to inquire too closely, as it seemed to be composed of contributions from the wardrobes of the hotel help—and the sportsman turned in

The pillow was an odd-shaped substance, emitting a faint and strangely familiar odor; but the master of the Galway Blazers was too weary to concern himself over such trifles, and he slept as soundly on his makeshift as if it had been a canopied bed of state.

He was awakened in the morning by a gentle fumbling at the wrappings beside his head, and started up to see a gleaming white knife suspended above his head.

"I'm sorry to be disturbin' ye, sir," said an apologetic voice, "but sure the house was out iv pillows intirely, an' we put th' side iv bacon undher y'r honor's head. I was just conthrivin' to get a few rashers off for the quality's breakfast without disturbin' ye, whin y'r honor woke up."

* * *

Had to Take a Lot.

Mrs. Naybor—You seem rather hoarse this morning, dear.

Mrs. Lushman—Well, my husband came home rather late last night.

* * *

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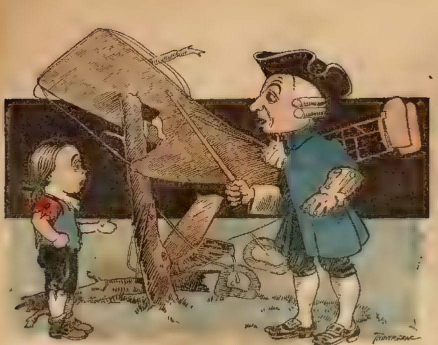


Father Washington [illegible] this, son?

George—Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my new aeroplane.

Preaching and Practice.

The college instructor should take pains to practice what he preaches.

One member of a class in English composition brought his theme to the professor after recitation hour in order that the professor might read a marginal correction which he had written, and which the pupil had been entirely unable to make out.

"Why," exclaimed the professor, "that says, 'Write more plainly.'"

Like a Clock.

Bill—How's his business going?

Jill—Like clockwork.

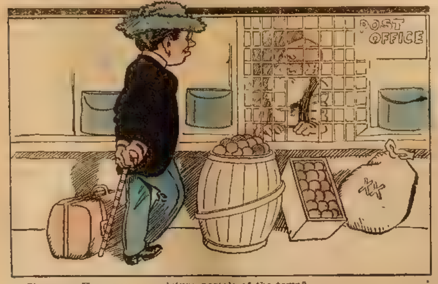
Bill—Why, I heard he'd failed.

Jill—So he has. They've just wound up his business.

His Opinion.

"What do you think of a husband who deceives his wife."

"He's a mighty smart man."



Stranger—Have you any picture postals of the town?

Postmaster—Not yet. A feller did come here to take some, but there was a freight car standing in front of th' town, so he couldn't.

Other Arrangements.

"Daughter," said father Sunday morning, "I trust that you will go to church tonight. The theme, 'An Hour With Favorite Hymns,' should be very interesting."

"Father," said the daughter with a smile, "I should like very much to go, but I have made an engagement to spend several hours with my favorite him tonight."

Could Be Coaxed.

Here is one domestic servant who did not intend to lose her place—or her perquisites—through any lack of frankness with her employer.

Cook (on the day of her arrival)—Please, mum, I'm a bit fiery at times, and when I'm fiery I'm apt to be a bit rough spoken, but you needn't let that put you out. With a little present you can always bring me 'round again.

Could Not Do Without Him.

Henry Austin was slow. His work was always behind that of the neighboring farmers, although he always got it done eventually. He had been courting Jennie Blake for five years and at last they were to be married at her home in the Stumpfield district, two miles from his farm.

On the evening on which the event was to take place, his neighbors, the Fosters, drove by his home on their way to the wedding. Henry was just going to the barn with his milking-pail. Mr. Foster shouted, "Where are you, Henry? I should have thought that you would have been there long ago."

Henry, equal to the occasion, responded in his slow drawl, "Wal, I guess they won't do much business 'fore I get there."

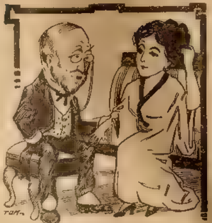
Caught at It.

Von Blumer—What's the matter? You look sad.

Dimpleton—I feel sad. This morning I deceived my wife for the first time.

Von Blumer—Oh, is that all? Pooh! You'll recover. Don't let that worry you.

Dimpleton—But it does, old man. She caught me at it.



The patient (a young widow)—How does it happen, Doctor, that there are so many divorced women? One seldom sees a divorced man.

The doctor—No—the men all die after the divorce is granted—die of joy!

The Reason.

"Why don't you brush your hair?" asked a man of the boy with the frowsy hair.

"Ain't got no brush."

"Why don't you use your father's brush?"

"He ain't got no brush."

"No brush? Why hasn't he a brush?"

"Ain't got no hair."

How Another Was Made Ill.

Joe—How are you, old man?

Arthur—Got a beastly cold, y' know.

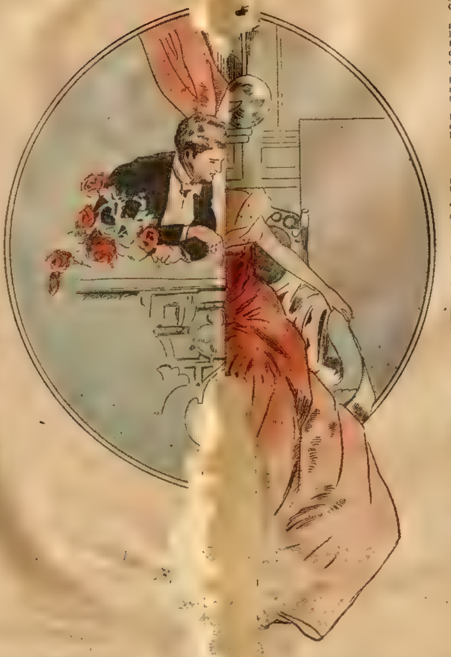
Joe—Hard luck, bah Jove. Been going out in the cold without your monocle?

Arthur—No. Called on Henery at his house, and that wretched dog of his persisted in wagging his tail and creating a draft.

Lot's Surprise.

"Well, I declare," said Lot, as he realized that his wife had been turned into a pillar of salt. "That's a strange phenomenon. I always thought the old lady was largely pepper."

Whereupon he dug a salt cellar and laid her gently away therein before moving on.



Cholly—Miss Jones, life without y [illegible] desert. What is your answer?

Ethel—Buy a camel!

In Disguise.

Much to the curious little girl's disgust, her elder sister and her girl friends had quickly closed the door of the back parlor, before she could wedge her small self in among them.

She waited uneasily for a little while, then she knocked. No response. She knocked again. Still no attention. Her curiosity could be controlled no longer. "Dodo!" she called in staccato tones, as she knocked once again. "Tain't me! It's mamma!"

The Real Puzzle.

Father (impressively)—Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you, my boy?

Irreverent Son—I'd stay here. The question is, What would become of you?

His Loss.

The city man at the State Fair was shaking hands with the farmer at whose place he had spent his summer vacation.

"Hear you've had a sad loss," said he.

"Yes," answered the farmer, "six of my prize hogs got the cholera and died on me."

"But I heard that your wife was dead," said the city man.

"Yes," said the farmer, "she died last week. I could have got $40 apiece for them hogs."

Useful Keepsake.

"Hubby, you have a lock of my hair, haven't you?"

"Next my heart."

"See if you can match it with some [illegible] when you go downtown."

Lack of Confidence.

Champ Clark tells a story which he says was given him by Representative Griggs of Georgia. It runs this way:

"The head of a household was late in getting home, and the wife upbraided him. 'Why, dear, it is not late,' said the man, who had been down to the club. As he finished speaking the clock on the mantel chimed out three.

"'You have told me a story, John. It is three o'clock, and a nice time for a married man to be getting home,' said the vexed wife.

"'There you go, dear, just like you to believe that old dollar-and-fifty-cent clock before you will your dear husband.'"

Art and Science.

"What a beautiful picture of an angel!" said the lady who was visiting the art gallery.

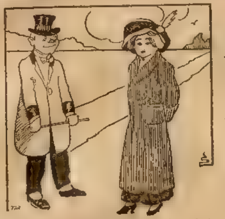
"Yes," replied the aviation enthusiast, "but between you and me those wings aren't practical."

Stranger than Fiction.

"That's a smart thing I've done," said the doctor to his assistant.

"What's that, doctor?"

"I have put my signature in the column 'cause of death' in this death certificate."



She—The new singer in the choir pitches all his music so high.

He—But, you know, he came from a baseball team.

Reciprocity.

"Every husband ought to make his bride a regular allowance from the start," said Senator Depew at a wedding reception in New York.

"That is but just," he continued, "because from the start every bride finds that she must constantly make allowances for her husband."

A Bad Mistake.

"That young lady is angry with me. The episode happened at a reception. I couldn't see her face under her big hat."

"And you mistook her for another young lady, eh? Nothing in that to get mad about."

"I mistook her for a piano lamp."

The Reason.

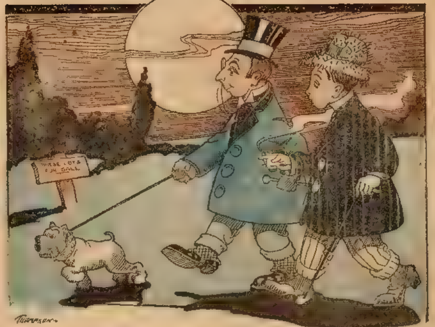
Magistrate—What! Do you mean to say your husband struck you and he a physical wreck?

Mrs. Maloney—Yes, yer honor, but he's been a physical wreck only since he struck me.

Presumptuous.

"How do you like your new minister's wife?"

"Not very well. She's just as stylish as the rest of us."



Reggy—How many lives did Washington have, Chappy?

Chappy—Just one, of course.

Reggy—One nothin'! Why, we've got three in our library.

Naturally.

The Stranger—Who is the little man talking so loud and fierce to those fellows on the hotel porch?

The Native—That's Hank Hawkins, th' village expressman. He's roastin' th' parcels post.

At Rest.

Figg—What do you do when your wife tells you about her first husband?

Fogg—Envy him.

A Crying Demand.

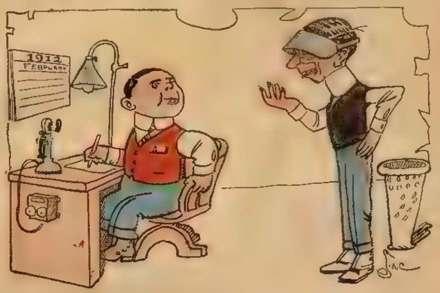
Oldpop—Is your baby fond of you?

Newpop—Fond of me? Why, he sleeps all day so that he can stay all night to enjoy my entertaining society.

No Fire There.

Mrs. Snicker—I suppose he promised to go through fire and water for you.

Mrs. Ticker—Yes, and now he won't even water the plants.



Arthur—What day of the week is it?

Reginald—Let me see how much I have in my clothes—fifteen cents—it's Friday.

Another Kind of Animal.

"John, here's your frazzled oats."

"My good woman, I've had nothing but oats for breakfast for a month. Can't you think of anything but oats?"

"You're a brute!"

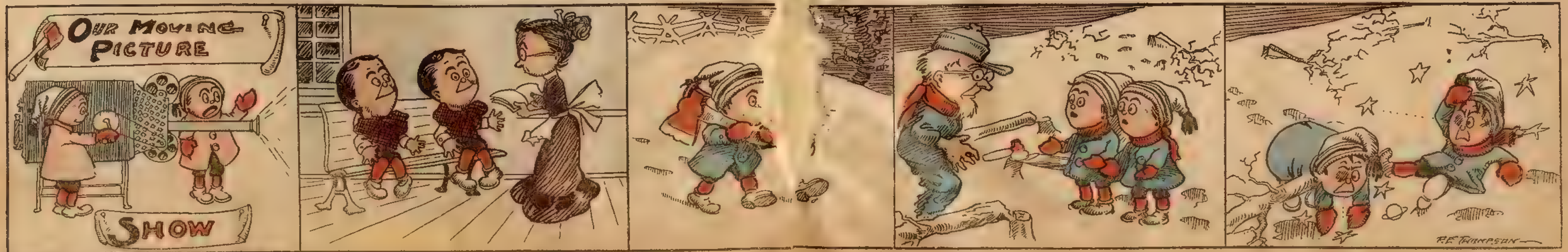
"That may be, but I'm no horse."

A Fundamental Truth.

"John, I'm sorry that Ethel has engaged herself to that young Poreleigh. He isn't half good enough for her."

"My dear, if Eve had had parents they would have been convinced she might have done better."

EMULATING GEC E WASHINGTON.



The Teacher—And George Washington's father said, "My noble, noble boy!"

The Twins—Let us do what [illegible]ton did!

The Twins—Farmer Jones, we cannot tell a lie! We done it with our hatchets!

The Twins—Gee, but it looks like that old feller don't appreciate truthfulness!

The Blood-Stained Glove

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By Granville Osborne

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CHAPTER IX.

THERE was no desire on the part of the authorities to allow it to become widely known that Mrs. Hohenberg had surrendered to the police and was to appear at once before a magistrate; but the secret leaked out, and the courtroom was inconveniently crowded next morning. The only evidence which it had intended to take was that of identity and arrest; but those who were fortunate enough to be inside the court witnessed a very exciting scene.

The formal part of the proceedings had taken place, when, to the surprise of those present, the representative of the public prosecutor was hurriedly called out of court, and when, after some delay, he returned, he was accompanied by the detective who had put in an appearance at the time of the murder. The inspector who had had charge of the affair had given his evidence, dwelling on the bad impression made by Mrs. Hohenberg's obvious unwillingness to tell all that she knew about the murder.

That lady, on being asked if she wished to make any statement, replied that all that had been stated was quite true, that she had deliberately hidden herself for some weeks.

"Why did you not give the police all the help in your power?"

"Because I had reason to believe that on that evening papers of great national importance were in my husband's study. I learned that Mr. Hohenberg had become possessed of plans relating to our defenses. I do not know how he got them, nor have I any proof as to what he intended doing with them. On that evening, as I told the police, I heard a noise in his study, and arming myself with the Indian knife, I went to see who was there. I found a man I knew, an officer in the navy. He explained to me that these plans had to be recovered at once, at all costs, and that it was my duty to help him find them."

"Did, you do so?"

"Yes. I was fortunate enough to find out the secret of the hidden drawer."

"Then, these plans having been restored to the proper owners, why did you not tell this story before?"

"Because a set of useless, misleading plans were put in their place, the intention being that the enemy should act on those and be caught in a trap. It was laid upon me as a solemn duty to my country that I should preserve a strict silence about the whole transaction. That is why I kept the fact concealed that I had seen some one in my husband's room. I did not see Mr. Hohenberg after he left the ballroom, and I have no idea who killed him. I must have left the knife and my glove on a table."

"Did you not suspect the officer of committing the murder?"

"No, he had left the house. I let him out myself. Besides, it was out of the question that he could have done a cowardly act."

"Will you give us now the name of the intruder?"

"No; I must decline to do so."

At this point the public prosecutor's representative returned, looking much astonished. He addressed the magistrate.

"If you please, your honor, I ask permission, on the part of the police, to withdraw all charges made against Mrs. Hohenberg."

"You withdraw the charge!" said the amazed magistrate.

"Yes, your honor. A mistake has been made—a mistake which we regret. The murderer of Mr. Hohenberg has been found."

A rustle of excitement ran through the courtroom. Kate's whole being was one eloquent question, and the counsel, as if in answer to her unspoken "Who was it?" went on.

"Your honor may remember the arrest of a foreigner, a fortnight or so ago in the dockyards. He has been in custody ever since. He was by no means in good health when arrested, and had very likely undergone a good deal of exposure to rain and cold while engaged in his work. He developed pneumonia, and yesterday it was known that he was dying. He had heard of the coast attack and its failure, and I think the agitation hastened the end.

"Learing that he was in imminent danger he announced that he had a confession to make, and could not die easily until it was off his mind requesting that the proper persons might be sent to his bedside to take down and attest what he had to say. This was done. Last evening an interpreter from his own embassy was in attendance, for although he could speak English, it was felt that in a matter of such importance there should be no shadow of doubt as to his exact meaning. He had with him, also, a chaplain of the Lutheran Church, and the warden of the prison, a detective from headquarters, and the prison doctor were also present.

"Finally a message was sent urgently entreating Mr. Winterham, as the nearest relative of Mrs. Hohenberg, to attend also. The paper in my hand contains the dying man's statement, which was taken down at his dictation, read over to him, and signed by him. Is it your wish that I should read the confession?"

"Yes, certainly," said the Judge; and counsel read:

"I, Carl Muller, knowing myself to be at the point of death, do declare that I, and I alone, was responsible for the execution of Lesley Hohenberg, on the eleventh of May last. Hohenberg with whom I had long been associated in the secret service of our country, had taken base advantage of my confidence and friendship, by deceiving and deserting my only sister, Anna Muller. For six years I had waited for my revenge. I could have killed him long ago, but my hands were tied, because he was a valuable servant to the Fatherland. I masked my hatred. There was but one more coup to be made to insure the success of the plan which had been so long in our hearts. The coast defenses were to be studied. Hohenberg was to steal the plans from the War Office, and I was to assist him. On the eleventh of May I was waiting, as I had waited for many days, in a club on the premises of a restaurant, where my countrymen are in the habit of going. He came to me, jubilant, for he had got everything we wanted. He could not trust the plans on his person, for he was watched.

"We did not go at once to his house, for a dance was being held, and it would not be safe until the last guests had left. It was nearly five o'clock before he let me into his garden with a private key, and from the conservatory into the house. All was still. We went to his study, and he showed me the stolen plans. I had no intention at that time of killing him. I was not armed. He boasted that he had done his work at last, and would expect a great reward. I said to him that he already had much money from our Government, and he laughed and said, 'Not enough—a man has some expenses he can't let all the world know.'

"There was something in his evil smile which made me think of the wrong he had done my sister. I turned on him, then, for the first time, for I remembered how he had begun by giving her presents, and I thought of her face as I had seen it last, cold in death. I told him that he was not fit to live or to die. He was surprised. I think he had forgotten, or thought it all a little thing, but he answered with a sneer, and I became like one mad. After all, he had done his work; there was no more profit for my country in his life, only a big claim to pay. I could see Anna's dead face looking at me, and then my eyes fell on a knife lying, as if ready for my purpose, on a table close to me. The handle of the knife was wrapped in a lady's white glove. I caught it up, and as he still smiled, and sneered at me, I struck once, and he was still. I had the papers, and I crept to the door to listen. There had been a movement in the hall a short time before, but as I looked cautiously around, no one was in sight. The front door had been unbolted and I slipped out unseen.

"I know his American wife is suspected. I suppose it was her blood-stained white glove which I dropped by his side. I do not wish to hurt her. She was not happy with Hohenberg; she did not love him. I waited for the day of the proposed attack on the coast, and when it came I learned that Hohenberg had been falser than even I had thought, for the plans were not the true ones. I am glad I killed him; it was an act of patriotism. Now you can let the woman go—the woman who did not love that traitor."

The paper was handed to the Judge. Muller, it was added, had died that morning.

Mr. Waite rose and said:

"Your honor, I have another witness present, who ought to be heard. He has just arrived."

When the name of Captain Dalrymple was called, something like applause was heard in the court. The magistrate affected not to hear it and it was at once hushed by an official.

Frank glanced quickly at Kate's face, then he resolutely looked away.

"You are Captain Frank Dalrymple, whose conduct during the attack on our coast defenses has been so honorably mentioned by the Government?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you to tell us about the murder of Mr Hohenberg?"

"Nothing actually about the murder; but I was in the house that night, searching for papers, and I spoke to Mrs. Hohenberg."

"You were acting under orders?"

"Yes; I had to get the plans. I was surprised by Mrs. Hohenberg."

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I want to help you to get well, and be strong again, so you can work, and walk, and run, and jump without pain; so you can sleep without disturbance, and wake up refreshed and rested, able to use every muscle, nerve, cord and joint of your body, without suffering misery all the time.

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"Had she any reason to expect your presence?"

"Certainly not. I had not seen her for years, and had had no communication whatever with her since her marriage. She was astonished at seeing me. We found the papers, and I made her promise me in the most solemn manner that she would keep the whole matter secret for patriotic reasons. I trusted her. She then let me out of the front door, and I took the spoil to the War Office, and received certain definite orders."

"One other question, [illegible] Did you know that [illegible]

"Yes. I knew all about it. [illegible] was said at the inquest; and knew that a warrant had been [illegible]

"And you kept silent?"

"Yes; it was my duty. Even Mrs. Hohenberg's peace of mind or freedom might have been too dearly purchased."

"Supposing she had been traced before the attack on the coast took place; what about the consequence?"

"She would not have spoken, nor should I."

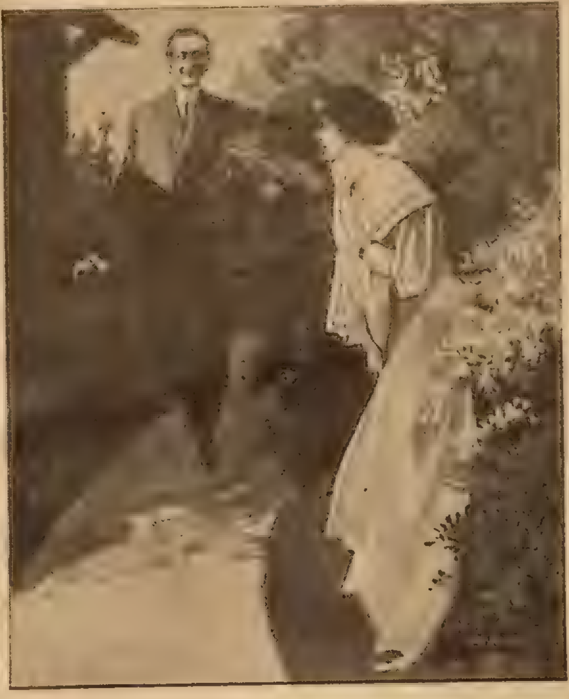
"Not if she had been committed for trial?"

"No."

"Or condemned to death?"

"Her life would not have been allowed to be sacrificed. A reprieve would have been [illegible] but she must have re[illegible] pas[illegible]

"Do you suppose she [illegible] proved of your firmness?



"I knew I should find you here among your flowers," he said.

"Yes," said Frank, shortly. But a smile lit up his face, and its ray touched Kate.

"I think we understand the position," said the Judge, "and dimly gather how great is the debt of gratitude which the country owes to a brave woman. Mrs. Hohenberg, you are discharged. I cannot say that I regret your trials, or even the night you have spent in custody. If you had not been put to so hard a test, we should not have known how splendidly you would respond to it. Probably some one of more importance than myself will thank you for your fidelity and your patriotism. I can only say now that it has been a privilege for me to meet so noble a woman."

CHAPTER X.

On her release Kate went at once to her brother's house, there to be made much of, pitied and adored, until she was heartily weary of the whole process. For some weeks she was a national heroine, and dreaded opening a paper lest her own portrait should stare at her from its pages.

She would not remain in the capital, nor face the thought of returning to the lonesome mansion, where she had spent such unhappy months. When the dead man's will was proved, it was found that he had left everything to his wife; but everything was far from wealth. The investments standing in his name only sufficed to bring in a small income; the lease of the house was disposed of, and the sum thus obtained and that raised by the sale of the gorgeous furniture were enough to put Mrs. Hohenberg into comfortable circumstances, but not enough to make her a rich woman.

She decided to go down to the coast, and to take a small house on the very edge of the Atlantic, where the sea wind swept in from over leagues of rolling waters, and flowers grew wild on the [illegible]

Mrs. Winterham protested loudly when she heard this decision, declaring that Kate would be moped to death. One person sought her out before she turned her back on town. Parker, her faithful maid, presented herself at Winterham's house, and begged to see her mistress.

"Oh, if you please, madam, you will [illegible] me back into you[illegible], will you [illegible] Do not send me [illegible]

"But, Parker, you do not unde[illegible] I should never have thought of [illegible] you away. I shall never forget how good and loyal you were to me, and how much I owe to your unswerving faith; but I am not a rich woman now, you know."

"If you please, mistress. I do not wish to consider the matter of wages. I do not care what amount you pay me, so that I can be near you."

Kate gave way, deeply touched by such a show of fidelity. So to the coast they went, to a long, rambling white house, surrounded by a big yard, full of old-fashioned flowers. For nearly two [illegible] Kate lived very happily among her books and flowers, only visiting the city when necessary. She made many friends among her simple-hearted neighbors, and was happy in a quiet way, loving and being loved.

But what of Frank Dalrymple? Kate saw him once, on the day after the trial. His strong hand held hers, his blue eyes gazed into the depths of hers.

"Bravely done, bonny Kate! I knew you would not fail. You understood why I was silent!"

"Oh, yes! I never doubted you."

"I am going abroad," said Frank. "I have been promoted, and the Admiral in command of our fleet has asked for me as his flag captain. It is a great compliment, and will take me away for two years. Where shall I find you when I return?"

She told him of the seaside retreat, and he said, "Well if Heaven is good to me, I shall be there when two years have gone by."

* * * * *

It was a hot afternoon in July, and Kate sat in her garden. Madge—now Madge Enderby and a happy wife—who had come down to get a breath of the fresh sea air, had declared to her husband, on her return, that her friend looked many years younger.

The garden surrounded the house, and was only separated by a low fence, a narrow path, and a few yards of soft, springly turf from the cliffs which towered above the rolling Atlantic breakers. Few people passed that way. Occasionally a coastguard, making his leisurely round, would stop to exchange views on the subject of the weather with the mistress of the cottage; and now and

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The Blood-Stained Glove

(Continued from page nineteen.)

then a few children would linger near, sure, if they could but see the lady, of bearing away a share of the garden's wealth.

Today a firmer step came up the road and a tall, erect figure turned in at her [illegible] looked around at the sound, and saw the man of whom she was [illegible]

"I knew I should find you here among your flowers," he said. "Kate, may we go into your house? I have been living only for this day!"

They went into the long, low sittingroom, facing the se.., a room always sweet with flowers. Her hands lay in his, and his eyes sought hers.

"Sweetheart, will you not let us take up life again just where it stopped on that dreadful day so long ago? Think of me as the happy lover of that time, hurrying to tell the good news of his promotion to the girl he intended to make his wife. Tell me once more that you love me and that you will be my wife!"

Presently Kate had told him these things [illegible] not in words, for his arms were around her and his lips met hers.

Kate and Frank returned to Washington for a quiet wedding. In regard to this event, only two incidents need be recorded. One is that the bride wore as her only ornament a beautiful locket set in diamonds, and that on the back of its case these words were engraved: "To Mrs. Kate Dalrymple. A gift from Congress, in remembrance of her golden silence."

The second incident is, that among the very few invited guests were a humble dressmaker and her daughter, who were overwhelmed at the honor done them.

Frank and Kate, tried as by fire, are now very happy. And indeed, indeed, why should they not be, with many years of useful life, a glorious, golden vista, still stretching ahead of them.

The end.

* * *

Health-Producing Apples.

Many persons fancy that raw apples are difficult to digest, and only endurable in the early morning. Doubtless the old adage that fruit is gold in the morning, silver in the middle of the day, and lead at night, is to some extent answerable for this erroneous impression.

Dietitians declare that ripe, raw apples contain more phosphates in proportion to their bulk than any other article of food, fish not excepted. A recent writer on this point boldly declares that in this lies the secret of healthful longevity. Apples correct biliousness and act as a sedative upon the racked nerves and allay insomnia.

"Eat uncooked apples constantly, but in moderation, and drink distilled water only, and years will be added to your life, while the evidences of age will be long in coming," he says.

This argument is based on the supposition that as age advances the deposits of mineral matter in the system increase and that aging is little more than a gradual process of ossification.

If you want to live long, and at the same time retain your youth and increase your brain tissue, eat plenty of apples. Tart apples are far more wholesome than sweet, but all should be fully ripe when eaten.

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A Clew by Wire.

(Continued from page fourteen.)

dallying in his passage toward the street, in order to make sure that the coast were clear.

Ah! some one coming again! And this time the blood seemed to burn in the veins of the doctor-detective, for he felt sure he had recognized the step of Severance.

Yes, the man with the slouch hat issued from the door of the tenement, and started to walk briskly away. A low whistle sounded. It caught the listening ear of the departing man, on the alert for signs of danger.

He instantly turned his head, to see several dusky figures flying toward him, and to catch the terrible significance glitter of brass buttons.

Sudden fright caused him to start off on a run. In this alone he would have betrayed his guilt, even though nothing were found upon his person to connect him with that deed of blood.

His flight was quickly cut short, for in making his selection, the detective had purposely taken men who had a reputations as sprinters. One of them quickly overhauled the runner, who struggled desperately to break loose. Van Alstine himself clutched the arm that vainly attempted to throw some object away. It was the fatal packet!

And when Severance—for the prisoner was no other than the society man who had turned thief—saw who it was to whom he owed his downfall, he showered the doctor-detective with bitter invectives, and carried on so like a crazy man that one of the officers had to threaten to use his club unless he ceased his execrations. He was quickly landed behind the bars, and Van Alstine, taking a cab, hurried away to have an interview with the coroner, whom he knew to be handling the mysterious death of Addison Doncaster.

But Severance never paid the penalty for his crime. He really went insane in his cell, crushed with the awful horror of his situation; and in the end was sent to Matteawan, where he still lives, dead to the world that once knew him as a glittering fashion-plate and general all-around society man.

Much of the strange story of Addison Doncaster was kept concealed from the public, through the efforts of Doctor Van Alstine. Alma came into her own, though few ever knew anything about the true history of the beautiful heiress, who refused to enter society, and was soon married to the man of her choice.

With the mother of Alma, now restored to fair health through the magical operation of the celebrated German physician, they purchased a home in the sunny South, and left New York, never to return. For some of them the metropolis held too many bitter memories, and they wished to leave these behind upon entering this new life.

But the doctor-detective hears from them at times, and the receipt of a letter always puts him in a reflective state, where once again he moralizes upon what strange things a man or woman may find occasion to do when urged on by the spur of necessity.

The end.

* * *

Cooking On a Diner.

What would your cook say if you told her to prepare a meal for one hundred guests, and provided a kitchen with a floor space fourteen feet long and two and one-half feet wide and a pantry about six by four. It is safe to say that she would "give notice" before you had time to explain that you wanted a menu offering as wide a choice as that of the best hotels. And if you added that the kitchen and diningroom would be traveling at a speed of from fifty to seventy-five miles an hour while the meal was being cooked and served, imagine the indignation of your outraged servant!

Yet this is what is being done on the railroads of the country every day, and these limitations imposed by the lack of space and the necessity for speed are not the greatest that must be overcome. Did you ever stop to inquire how the little restaurants darting about the continent are stocked and controlled? Hotel managers know the difficulty of keeping track of supplies and equipment when they are standing in one place, but suppose they were in fifty or sixty different localities and moving as fast as powerful engines could haul them toward fifty or sixty other localities! The problem would then assume proportions that would make the hotel man gasp.

The solving of the problem of feeding the hundreds of thousands who travel on the American railroads each day has been one of the latest developments in railroading. A glimpse into the inside working of the service is of interest to every one who travels and eats.

First, who is it that directs the operation of the errant diningrooms? How is the control of the cars and their valuable perisaable supplies centralized?

Different roads have different methods, of course, but the system on those which give the best service does not vary greatly. On the Pennsylvania, which was one of the pioneers in this field, there is a superintendent of dining cars and restaurants, with an office in the new station in New York City, who has charge of the service on the lines east of Pittsburgh.

Under his supervision there are forty-eight steel dining cars, ten wooden cars and six station restaurants. The normal force of employes working under his direction is about 1,120. Last year there were 1,130,000 meals served in the dining cars on this road alone, and 1,993,000 in the restaurants, a total of 3,123,000 meals, every one of which had to be duly recorded and checked against the amount of supplies given out, and the cash receipts, in the office of the superintendent.

Every year the dining car service is increasing in extent and in efficiency. It was not until the fall of 1882 that the Pennsylvania began to serve meals on its trains. In that year four dining cars were put on the New York-Chicago Limited. In 1906 the company was operating forty-three dining cars on sixty-three trains, while today there are fifty-eight cars doing service on ninety-two trains.

The opening of the new Pennsylvania station in New York marks a new stage in the development of the railroad restaurant. It is a long step from the first modest lunch counters, where "quick lunch" was grabbed and hastily bolted, to this great modern restaurant, which gives employment to two hundred in the diningrooms and kitchens. Everything about the place testifies to the progress made in methods for insuring cleanliness and in devices lightening labor. Every shelf in kitchens and pantries is of metal. On every hand there are large cold storage refrigerators gleaming inside with white enamel and tiles.

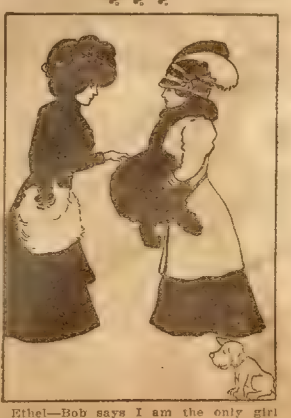
Provisions for the restaurants are bought direct and kept in their own storerooms and refrigerating plants, but naturally this cannot be done on dining cars. The base of supplies for them is a commissariat. This department of the Pennsylvania has recently been removed from the Waldo avenue yard in Jersey City to the new Sunnyside yard on Long Island. There is kept everything from a toothpick to the carcass of a beef. A list of supplies issued one day recently to conductors by the storekeeper included 209 varieties of foods, drinks, cigars, cigarettes and miscellaneous articles, such as linen, cooking utensils, silverware, crockery, etc.

When a car is put into service it is fitted out with a standard equipment costing about $2,000. The conductor or steward then takes charge and makes out a requisition for necessary supplies. He is responsible for everything contained in the car, and if a bottle of cream or an oyster fork is missing at the end of a run it is known twenty minutes after the car gets back to Sunnyside. When the steward turns in his car he reports any breakage of dishes or loss of silverware through the activities of "souvenir" collectors, and the loss is immediately replaced from the reserve stores. He has a printed form, on which his requisition is recorded in one column and the supplies on hand at the end of the trip in another. These are turned over to accountants who figure out the profits from the difference in these two columns as a check on the receipts turned in.

The steward is the captain of the dining car crew, which consists of nine men besides himself—four cooks and five waiters. All the cooks and waiters employed by the Pennsylvania are colored, and the latter are assigned to crews according to size and shade, the short mulattoes on one car and the tall blacks on another. When the meal begins and they line up by their tables, they present an even rank.

In the little dining car kitchen everything is arranged with marvelous ingenuity in the economy of space. Some idea of the foresight necessary to keep tab on these "hotels on wheels" can be had when it is known that each dining car travels about 96,000 miles a year. Last year the fifty-eight cars in use on the Pennsylvania Railroad traveled 5,549,920 miles, a distance approximately equal to going around the world 262 times.

* * *



Ethel—Bob says I am the only girl he ever kissed.

Edith—Yes; and doesn't he do it delightfully.

Out West Stories

A CROSS-EYED CUPID

By PHILIP R. KELLAR

(Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.)

NO ONE in Yellow Gulch ever tried to figure out just why Missouri Sam and Cap'n Jack were such friends. Sam was a little red-headed man of Irish descent from the show-me state—excitable, irritable, belligerent, radical in his likes and dislikes, and outspoken concerning them; ugly according to the generally accepted standards of masculine pulchritude, an ex-cavalryman, an ex-farmer, an ex-miner, and a present owner of a freighting outfit across the prairies. Cap'n Jack was tall, handsome, soft-mannered, peaceable, apparently verging on the lazy, because he did things with so little apparent effort; an ex-cowboy who had eschewed most of the customs of that rapidly disappearing genus, and had settled down to be a hard-working prospector and miner.

If there ever were two peas in a pod totally dissimilar, Sam and Jack were their human prototypes. They did not [illegible] alike, yet they were the best of friends and inseparable when both were in camp. Sam was the only man with whom Jack could quarrel, and Jack was the only man with whom Sam would not quarrel.

It was never known definitely just how they happened to begin their Damon and Pythias existence; but it had become an established fact by the time Pete Ransom's pretty sister came to Yellow Gulch to keep house for her rapidly [illegible] brother.

It seemed the most natural thing in the world for Cap'n Jack to fall in love with Nettie Ransom, and for her not to discourage his attentions. They seemed exactly suited to each other. Nettie arrived while Sam was on one of his trips urging the slowly plodding oxen through the heavy sand trails. Sam paid little attention to her when he returned, until he saw that Jack was [illegible] he protested. "[illegible] slow. You ain't a marryin' man; you ain't got any business thinkin' of gettin' tied up for life. You got work to do; got to get that ol' hole to coughin' up yellow gold. When you've done got a hundred thousand or so, then'll be time to think about gettin' married. You come on up to the shack with me tonight, an' I'll tell you something more about this marryin' business. I've been married, Jack, though I ain't never told you that."

Jack laughed and went to see Nettie [illegible] about the camp for three days, growling about his chum being "led along by the nose to destruction." Then he left, nearly two days ahead of schedule, because he couldn't stand the sight. When he came back, Jack was deeper in love than ever and Sam more miserable.

"I wouldn't mind it, Jack," Sam wailed, "if 'twas just an ordinary love affair, like the one you have with Kate Deming over in Grizzly Bear Gulch."

"I'm not in love with her," Jack snapped.

"No?" Sam seemed surprised. "Looked like you were sort of interested in her—before Nettie Ransom appeared on the scene."

"Miss Deming and I are just good friends." Jack still spoke curtly.

"I didn't know that," replied Sam. "I thought you were looking at her with hungry, marryin' eyes, but s'long as the symptoms didn't show violent, it didn't worry me. But now it's different. You're neglecting your work for——"

"Oh, shut up!" cried Jack.

Sam thought over the situation for another two days, and decided on his course of action. He would see Nettie, put the facts plainly before her, and appeal to her generosity. He sought her while Jack was at work, and without introduction went into the details of Jack's life, his prospects, duties and responsibilities and irresponsibilities.

"You see, Miss Nettie," he said, "I'm a sort of self-elected guardian of Cap'n Jack. I ain't much older in years, but I am in experience. Jack ain't like other men in this part of the country. He's got a family back home."

"A family!" Nettie was startled.

"Oh, I don't mean a wife an' kids," Sam grinned. "I mean mother an' father an' sisters. He's got them to [illegible]. He's got to [illegible] in the next few years, an' he'd ought not [illegible] disturbed. Now it ain't goin' to [illegible] him any help to have a wife tied to [illegible]."

Nettie laughed, though the words were not complimentary.

"Oh, 'tain't any laughin' matter!" Sam protested. "It's a cryin' matter, I tell you."

But Nettie refused to take Sam seriously, and insisted that Jack hadn't so much as ever thought of marrying.

"You don't know him like I do," said Sam. "He don't seem to be doin' a thing hard, but he is just the samey. You just think over what I've told you, and tomorrow I'll come and tell you some more facts an' figures that will sho' convince you."

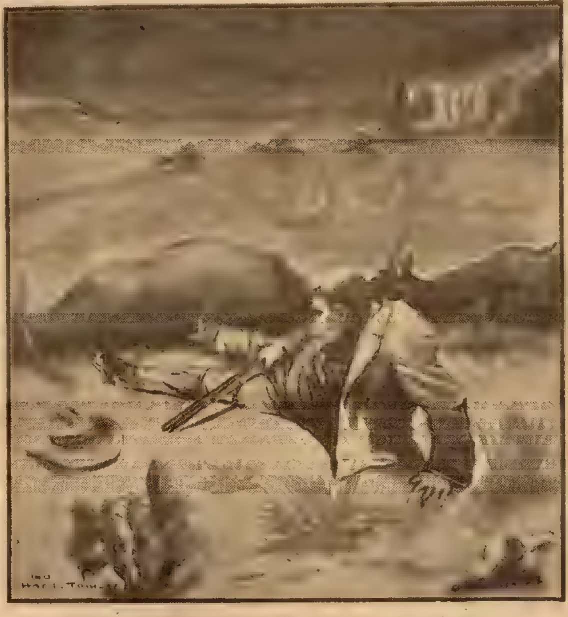
That night Nettie laughingly told Jack that Sam had tried to save him [illegible] she did not repeat what he had said about Jack's love! Jack laughed softly. He thought it a good joke, and so did she. But there was a constraint about their talk the remainder of the evening.

Sam postponed his next trip for three days, in order to continue his efforts to save his friend. All the time the whole camp was laughing at him.

"Look here, Sam," Jack said, impatiently, "you've got to stop butting in between me and Nettie. This is my business."

"Have you said the fateful words?" asked Sam, in reply. "Have you asked her to be Mrs. Cap'n Jack?"

"None of your business!" Jack retorted, his face flushing.



"Lord! If I only had some water!"

"I reckon you ain't," Sam grinned, "or you'd be glad enough to tell it—unless she's turned you down."

"No, she ain't turned me down," Jack replied quickly, and Sam laughed at his success in getting the admission that he had not spoken.

But he could not delay his trip much longer, and he made a last effort to change Nettie.

"I reckon I've been mistaken, Miss Nettie," he spoke with a frank smile, "about Jack. I reckon he don't need my help in this case any more'n he did with Kate Deming over in Grizzly Bear Gulch. I just came to let you know I wasn't starting out tonight worried about him like I have been the last few trips."

"Why, what do you mean?" Nettie had heard of Kate Deming; not much, but enough to cause her to wonder.

"Oh, I don't mean any more'n I said," replied Sam. "Good-by; I'll see you again in three weeks."

He made a quick trip to Fort Pierce and back, reaching Yellow Gulch two days ahead of his usual time, and adding another two hundred dollars to his already big bank account. Jack was away. He had left word that he was hunting a reported [illegible] across Grizzly [illegible] range. He was gone four days and Sam spent most of that time arguing with Nettie.

Jack returned without having found the claim, but with a big silver-tip skin hanging over his shoulder. He dumped the skin at the shack, cleaned up, and started for the Ransom cabin. He whistled as he went along with his swinging walk, feeling very cheerful for a man that hadn't found the gold mine he'd been looking for. When he turned the big bowlder that tried to block the trail not far from the house, he was looking up the other side of the canyon, and did not see Nettie and Sam standing in front of the door. When he did see them he stopped in his tracks. Sam held Nettie's hands in his, and both were smiling as if they were very, very happy.

Jack stood still a moment, but they did not look at him. He took about ten big steps and drew closer to them. As they turned, he said very softly and very coldly, looking Sam steadily in the eye:

"So this is the sort of a friend you are! Bah!"

He slapped Sam's cheek with his open hand. If any other man had done so he would have been looking down Sam's six-shooter the next instant. The Missourian's hand did drop to the butt of his revolver, but [illegible]. Instead he rubbed his cheek and started to speak, as Jack turned his back to them.

"Hol' on Jack, an' let me explain. I can——"

"Yes, please," Nettie added.

But Jack was already around the bowlder, out of sight and out of hearing.

That night Sam, after hurried preparations, slipped quietly out of Yellow Gulch on his usual trip. Four times he had tried to speak to Jack, but each time he had been completely ignored, and the last time he had lost his temper.

"All right, you damned, hard-headed fool!" he cried. "When you want anything from me you'll have to come to me for it."

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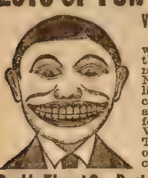

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Still Jack did not speak to him.

* * * * * *

"'Tis a lucky thing we didn't bring dynamite this trip," Sam dryly remarked to Shorty Decker, his outrider, "or we'd be sailing up to meet St. Peter."

Another volley from the Indians among the rocks at the entrance to the hills struck with dull thuds into the bullocks that formed a hastily built breastworks about the wagon. Sam crouched closer to the dead oxen. Decker crawled beside him

"You'll have to run for it, Shorty. I can stand 'em off till night. You jes' burn up the trail for Yellow Gulch."

"You're hurt now, and they'll get you," Shorty demurred, as Sam wiped the blood out of his eyes, whence it had trickled from a scalp wound. "Besides, I mightn't get through."

"Go on with you!" the Irishman said sternly. "What good will it do if both of us stay an' get potted? Move on, now. God help me if you don't git help here before dark! You've got eight hours." Shorty gave in and silently began preparation for the desperate dash. "Don't bring Jack Creighton," Sam added. Decker looked his surprise, and Sam snarled, "He's a skunk. I'd rather be shot by Injuns than have him save me."

Shorty reached the protection of the range to the north, though he swayed after one volley from the Indians, and Missouri Sam settled down to a long vigil. An adventuresome Indian showed half his body above the rocks in his effort to get a bead on Sam, threw up his hands, and toppled over on his face when Sam fired quickly.

"Ye will, will ye! Ye red-skinned, black-hearted divils! Missouri Sam may be little, but he knows how to shoot."

The Indians were quiet for ten minutes, and Sam began to grow restless. He smiled pityingly at a groaning ox that turned an appealing look on him.

"I'd kill you an' put you out of your misery, but I ain't got a shell to spare. Need 'em all for them divils. They're gettin' ready for some trick. They're always plotting diviltry when they're silent, an' they're silent most of the time."

Sam laughed mirthlessly, pushed more shells into the magazine of his repeating rifle, wiped the blood from his eyes, and waited. Suddenly the Indians, mounted, swept from behind the rocks in a long semi-circular line, yelling and firing all the time. Sam brought down the men at each end of the circle and the leader in the center. The riderless horses turned and crashed into the line. The white man laughed, jumped up and down, and the attackers retired with their dead and wounded to the protection of the rocks

Sam smiled triumphantly, but immediately a look of pain chased away the smile. He brushed his hand back over his head and found it red with blood from another wound.

The sun grew hotter, and Sam crawled under the wagon for the shade. A bullet struck the ground beside him, and he crawled back to the oxen. He peeped over his flesh breastworks.

"Not a one in sight," he muttered. "Wonder if they've decided to wait till night. Wonder if Shorty got through. Lord, if I only had some water!"

Three hours passed, the silence of the desert and the moodier silence of the mountains unbroken except by an occasional shot when Sam thought he spied an Indian's head among the rocks. The sun again drove him to the wagon, and their bullets again drove him into the sun. He tried to be mirthful, but his bloody grin mocked his efforts. He swayed on his hands and knees as he crawled, weakened by the loss of blood. He mistook an eagle circling above the distant peaks for a vulture, and shook his fist at it.

"No, ye don't," he cried, "ye foul-mouthed bird! Ye can have the red divils, but ye can't have Missouri Sam and his critters. They've got wings. They'll be angels—angels I tell ye, with blue an' yeller wings."

He dropped his head in his hands, rested his elbows on his shaking knees, and wailed:

"God! I'm gettin' locoed! Oh, if I only had a drink!"

A wild gleam came into his eyes and he reached for the whisky flask. With a laugh he put it to his lips, dropped it, raised the rifle and fired at the eagle.

"Get out!" he cried. "I'll not have ye spyin' on me when I'm takin' a drink. Think ye'll pot me just because ye can fly, eh? Well, ye can't. I'm not afraid of any flyin' Injun."

Again he grasped the flask and gulped down a big swallow. The liquid set his blood on fire and completed the work started so effectively by the wounds and the hot sun. The man became delirious, and began chanting wildly:

"Yi-e-eld not unto tempta-ation, for yie-elding is sin!"

The Indians peeped over the rocks, grew bolder, and one stepped into the open. Another followed. The first one fired, but Sam sent back no answering shot. He saw them and paused from his chanting long enough to laugh, and cry:

"Playin' bear now, eh? Think ye can scare me out?"

Slowly they approached. Even the Indian left to guard the ponies brought them into the open that he, too, might watch the end of the strange tragedy. Missouri Sam rocked to and fro, hugging his knees, mumbling and singing.

A sudden shot and a death yell in their rear startled the Indians. As they turned, they saw their pony guard stagger and drop over dead. A white man spurred his horse in between the Indians and their ponies, and drove the animals up the gap. For a moment the redmen were stunned into inactivity. Then, with cries of fear and rage, they turned their fire on the white rider, but he dashed behind a rock. Instantly his rifle began spitting, and the death bullets reached three of the Indians before they could find shelter. The shock brought back Sam's reason for a moment, and he added to the confusion of the Indians by opening fire on their rear. Then the madness returned, and he jumped up, leaped over the dead bullocks, and started after the fleeing savages.

The horseman called to Sam to go back, but he did not hear. The Indians paused to fire at him, and Sam staggered, lunged forward, and fell. One redman started toward him, but fell with a bullet through his back. None of the others wanted Sam's scalp-lock while the horseman was on guard.

There followed a period of silent suspense, lasting ten seconds, and seeming to last an hour. The horseman darted from behind the rocks toward Sam. Ten rifles were instantly trained on him, but he went through the fire untouched, leaped to the ground, lifted Sam's body onto the saddle, sprang up behind him, and spurred the horse toward the gap.

The Indians redoubled their fire. The horseman swayed as a bullet caught him in the side, recovered, and urged the animal to greater speed. Fifty feet from shelter he was hit again and almost fell, but again he saved himself, and with a final despairing effort the brave horse, already bleeding from two wounds, reached the mouth of the canyon and fell, throwing the two men in a heap behind the bowlder. The rider staggered to his feet, picked up his rifle, and stopped the Indians, who were approaching with some degree of carelessness, under the delusion that both men were unconscious. The man tried to raise Sam, but the Irishman resisted, mumbling:

"You're no frien' of mine. I told Shorty not to let you come."

"Shut up, you idiot! Friend or not, I'm going to save you."

He swung Sam over his shoulder. Keeping the bowlders between him and the Indians, he staggered up the trail a dozen steps, turned around another big rock, and fell in a jumbled heap under its protecting side. The other members of the rescue party found them in a few minutes.

* * * * * *

When Cap'n Jack opened his eyes for the first time, two days later, he saw Missouri Sam in the bunk across the room.

"Where am I?" he asked, in a daze.

"In Pete Ransom's cabin," replied Sam. "I reckon you'd passed in your chips if it hadn't been for Nettie."

Jack tried to get up, but fell back weakly. "Help me out of here!" he cried petulantly. "I don't want to be where she is."

"Oh, yes, you do," Sam grinned. "You were hit harder'n me, an' I've been sensible ever since they brought us here. You haven't. You've been talkin,' and if you knew what you'd been saying about her, you wouldn't be trying to run that sort of a bluff."

Jack groaned, and Sam continued, still grinning:

"Yep, you've said a lot of things you didn't have the nerve to say before. You know I told you if you wanted anything more from me, you'd have to come for it. Well, you came, and I'm going to give it to you."

"Don't want to hear," retorted Jack feebly.

"Got to; you can't help it. I thought maybe I'd let Nettie explain, but I've changed my mind. I'm going to tell you about—about what you saw that day up here. You see, when I got back and found you gone over to Grizzly Bear, I thought I'd finish my job. I saw a lot o' Nettie, and along about the third day I decided I was wrong and you were right, an' she was just the woman for you."

"What's that stuff you're saying?" Jack showed interest.

"And that afternoon," Sam went on, ignoring the interruption, "when I found her dumpy because she'd heard you'd gone over to see Kate Deming, I just told her the truth, an' told her she'd have to take you. She said you hadn't asked her, an' I knew you'd lost your nerve, but I spoke for you. I'd just convinced her that you wanted her, and there warn't any truth in that story about Kate Deming, when you showed up."

There was a stir at the window, and Nettie came from behind the curtain and stood before the wondering, staring Cap'n Jack. Sam chuckled and crawled off his bunk and started for the door.

"I reckon I'm in the way," he said.

Jack looked silently at Nettie for some time, finally asking in a whisper if Sam had told the truth. When she answered with a blush and a nod, he said:

"Funny I couldn't see it."

"I suppose Cupid gets cross-eyed at times—" she stooped and kissed him tenderly—"and doesn't see things just right."

Next Week's "Out West" story will be called "Ending the Man-Hunt." It is a particularly strong story. Don't fail to read it.

Tactful.

Jones was always very tactful. This is what he wrote:

"Dear Mrs. Smith:—Your husband cannot come home today because his clothes were blown up in a boiler explosion."

"P. S.—Poor Smith was inside the clothes."

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Save $2 by Making This Cough Syrup at Home.

This recipe makes a pint of better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for $2.50. A few doses usually conquer the most obstinate cough—stops even whooping cough quickly. Simple as it is, no better remedy can be had at any price.

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We have made a contract with one of the big mills for a lot of woolen shawls.

We are going to give these shawls away to our readers.

The shawls are made of woolen yarn. They come in two colors, white or red. These shawls can be used in many ways; as a shoulder shawl, like that shown in the cut, or they can be used to throw over the head.

Probably nothing is so useful in a home as a shawl like this. Just the thing for changeable weather. It is very handy to throw on the head when you run into your neighbor's house. Fine to wrap the baby in. Throw it over your shoulders when sitting in a draft.

These shawls are large and well-made, and we want every reader of this paper to have one of them, so we will send you one **FREE OF ALL CHARGE**, if you will enclose $1.00 for a year's subscription to this paper.

We send the shawl all charges prepaid. Be sure to state whether you want white or red in the proper space below.

This is a splendid offer, and we are glad to be able to distribute these shawls among our readers.

We treat old and new subscribers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber say so when you write, and we will have your new subscription commence when the old one expires.

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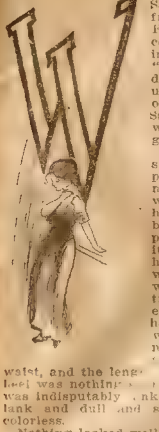

WHEN any of Mrs. Sandler's girlhood friends first saw Fannie they were certain to exclaim in startled tones, "Oh, is this your daughter?" Their unconscious accent on "this" made Mrs. Sandler set her even white teeth in anguish of spirit

Each time [illegible] sort of thing [illegible] pened the [illegible] ness of her [illegible] was borne in [illegible] her anew. [illegible] been a d[illegible] pretty girl [illegible] it certai[illegible] hard to [illegible] with a [illegible] who [illegible] tracti[illegible] ever [illegible] have [illegible] Her nose [illegible] too long [illegible] was her waist, and the leng[illegible] her from hip to heel was nothing [illegible] of appalling. She was indisputably lank and her hair was lank and dull and she was generally colorless.

Nothing looked well on Fannie, so she dressed in anything that was handy. She did not object, because she herself had long ago given up the struggle. She had the faculty of turning the most stylish garment into a caricature, and as for hats, a perfectly airy, coquettish piece of headgear was instantly resolved into a hopeless bedraggled joke when it was perched upon her head. Sometimes she rebelled furiously against her lot in life, but she usually bore herself with grim fortitude. There was nothing to it—Fannie was hopeless.

Mrs. Sandler witnessed the marrying off of her friends' daughters with pangs of hopeless envy.

After years of this kind of woe it was a good deal amazing when Cousin Kate Givler, arriving for a short stay on her way abroad, regarded Fannie, whom she had last seen as a baby, without any start disclosing a positive shock. Cousin Kate seemed to take Fannie as a matter of course, and when Fannie left the room she exploded at Mrs. Sandler, "Why on earth do you dress that girl so hideously?"

Mrs. Sandler tried to bristle with resentment and then she collapsed. She saw that she must enlighten her cousin. "She doesn't look well in anything," moaned the despairing mother. "She never has and she never will. Nothing becomes her. And if it did it wouldn't be any use, because she's so awkward and— homely!" Mrs. Sandler pronounced the last word in a sort of agonized gasp of shame.

"Indeed!" remarked Cousin Kate. She screwed up her eyes as though studying something in the distance. Then she announced calmly that she thought she'd take Fannie along with her to Europe.

All the while they were gone Mrs. Sandler and every one else who knew Fannie remained in a state of wonder in regard to Cousin Kate's singular state of mind. It seemed impossible that any one in her senses should have deliberately assumed the responsibility of going around Europe with a girl so little like what she should have been as was Fannie. It really seemed almost impertinent to parade Fannie in front of Europe and demand that it admire her as a typical American girl. Mrs. Sandler sometimes wept as she thought what a stupid, shoved-aside, outclassed time Fannie must be having. Her picture postals were noncommittal.

When Cousin Kate and Fannie got home, a short time ago, Mrs. Sandler felt that she needed an introduction and a chart to the young person who fell upon her neck. That young person was just as lank and long and odd as ever, but it was with a difference.

After she had got her breath and really studied her daughter Mrs. Sandler saw that Fannie's garb if anything accentuated her absurd lankness. Fannie wore weird, slinky, narrow things of unheard-of shades and from beneath her odd, close, extinguishing hat her eyes peered out uncannily as from a cavern. She wore long chains that rattled mysteriously and a stone of an indescribable hue gleamed from a little finger ring. There wasn't a thing on Fannie that Mrs. Sandler had ever dreamed of.

Fannie, too, seemed to have an entirely new way of lopping into chairs and draping herself across tables, quite as though she had about as much backbone as a piece of twine. Her mother could not keep her fascinated eyes off Fannie.

"I—I can't stop looking at her," she stammered in bewilderment to Cousin Kate.

"Of course not," was the response. "That's the idea! Neither can any one else. Everyone has been perfectly crazy about Fannie ever since I gave her a talking to and bought her some things such as she ought to wear. If a girl can't be pretty she's an idiot if she can't be unique!

"By the way, there's a young man coming on here in a day or two who's going to marry Fannie if he can wring consent from the parents of such a raging beauty and priceless treasure as he thinks she is! He's young and he's rich and he has no bad habits.

"Now let me tell you, Elma Sandler, you must marry Fannie off quick before the present fashions change!"

* * *

Queen Wilhelmina's Gift.

An interesting story of Queen Wilhelmina is going the rounds of The Hague. The Queen is very fond of walking in out-of-the-way places round her capital, and during a recent promenade she encountered a little girl in whom she subsequently interested herself. The child conceived the idea of showing her gratitude in a tangible fashion. She thought the Queen would be pleased to accept a little present from her and after considerable meditation sent to the palace a pair of gloves

Queen Wilhelmina was much touched and promptly returned the compliment by sending another pair of gloves to her young friend. By way of adding interest to the present her majesty had filled the right one with bonbons, and placed pieces of money in the left. Accompanying the present was a letter in which the Queen asked the little girl to inform her which glove gave her the most pleasure.

The simple reply came as a surprise to her majesty. "Dear Queen," wrote the little girl, 'your beautiful present has only caused me trouble. I cannot tell you which of the gloves has given me the most pleasure, for my father took the left glove and my eldest sister the right one.'

The same evening Queen Wilhelmina sent another pair of gloves, similarly filled, to her young protege. Her majesty took care that the present was delivered by a court functionary, who saw to it that the gloves were not seized by others

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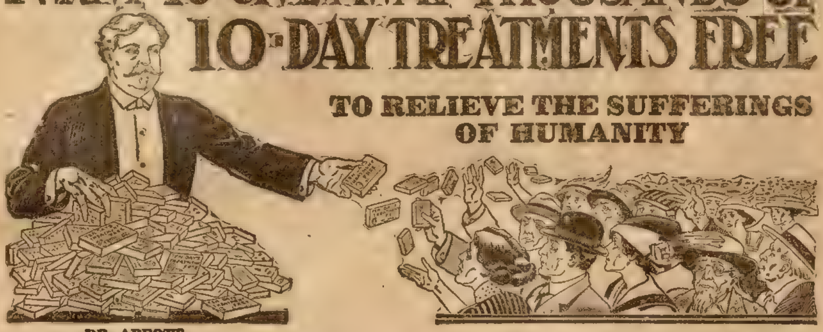

DR. ABBOTT

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BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER

Hunting a Firebug; Or, CHASING A LOST WILL

By J. M. MERRILL

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Begun in No. 2, Jan. 13. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XVI

JOE OBTAINS THE WILL.

T[illegible] agony of Flight at the [illegible] the will was something painful to see. The sister was found. She pro[illegible]ed to know nothing of [illegible] will. Neva was even [illegible] cast down than her [illegible]lized that an injustice done in the past was now secure beyond help. The lawful heir was forever deprived of a chance to regain his stolen patrimony.

"You were a [illegible]" railed the man, in his first dire [illegible] not sparing his delicate child in the least.

"[illegible] I suppose I was," sobbed Neva.

"Why didn't you bring the papers directly to me?" he demanded harshly.

"I meant to, but you were lost, you know, Daddy," wailed Miss Neva. "I hunted the [illegible] over in vain."

A half-breed boy lingered not far away, as father and daughter whirled from the vicinity of the burning house in the auto. Joe Hugshaw had made it a point to take his bearings and watch the machine's general course. He had followed at a slower gait, but managed to find the spot down by the river where the grouchy settler's sister lived.

After the departure of father and daughter, Joe went forward and interviewed the woman who owned the place, a fairly intelligent person of middle age.

"I don't think I am to blame for the loss of papers of which I knew nothing," said Mrs. Rendow.

"It doesn't look so to me," assented the boy.

As the reader will readily understand, Joe was the one really most interested in the loss of the Bunker will. If it had gone up in smoke, his chance of [illegible] coming into his own was forever blasted. He knew Olivia Trodden, and knew that she was the last person in the world to relinquish a hold on property, no matter how it had been obtained.

Joe found Mrs. Rendow very communicative, and the two had a very friendly little chat, although the woman, a widow, was feeling sore over the loss of her house.

"Brother Abe seemed to blame me," proceeded the widow, "but I can't see why he has reason to do so. His girl Neva came to me some time ago, saying she had got separated from her father during the forest fires up where they lived. I agreed to give her a home till Abe could be located, and she has been here ever since. If Abe had waited a spell and cooled off a bit, I might have [illegible] him that there was a possibility [illegible] this will—I believe it was a will, [illegible] it not."

"Yes," said Joe, "a very important [illegible] which disposes of at least one mil[illegible] worth of property."

"[illegible] my! What a lot of money! And [illegible] will, if lost——"

"[illegible]eaves a person in possession who [illegible] legal right the[illegible]"

"Goodn[illegible] Then I hope it'll [illegible]"

"[illegible] after burning [illegible] Joe.

"[illegible] you see, that's what I wanted to tell Abe. There's [illegible] that the will [illegible]n't burned."

"[illegible] surprise me."

"[illegible] have explained to Brother [illegible]'t been so crusty about [illegible]t," said the woman.

"Well," said Joe, "what reason have [illegible] doubt [illegible] destruction of this [illegible] paper?"

"[illegible] the [illegible] after [illegible] to [illegible] house, a young man [illegible] nice-spoken bo[illegible] and [illegible] after Neva Flight."

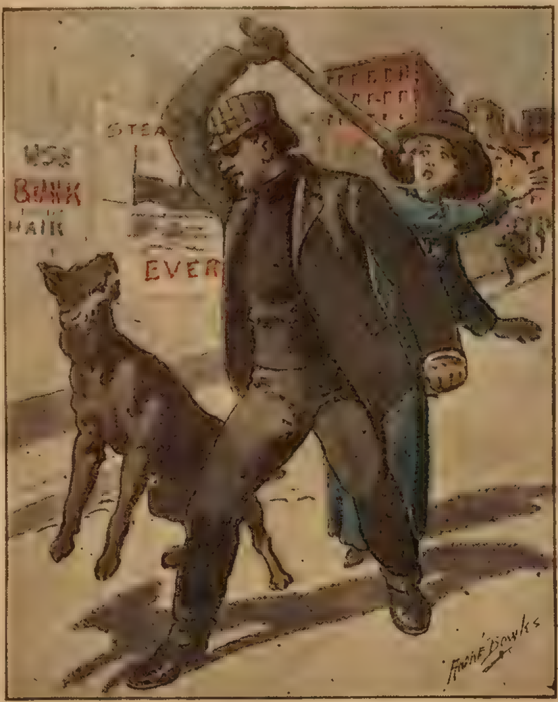
"[illegible] e fellow calling himself Moses Bunker?"

"Yes, that was the name he gave. Told me Neva had found her father, and had sent him to get her things. I believed him, of course, and let him have the small satchel that Neva fetched with her."

"Well, well, and what did Neva [illegible] to that when she came back?"

"She was quite mad about [illegible] but soon got over [illegible] very even tempered [illegible] nice girl."

"I think so myself," agreed Joe.



Joe struck him again.

"I did not know that Neva had this will there is so much talk about. She was careful not to tell me about it."

"It is your guess then that the boy carried the will off in the satchel?"

"No—that is, I don't think so, since Neva made no mention of it. If she had left the will in the satchel, she must have known it was not here to burn up in my house."

"Perhaps she had hidden the will somewhere else?" suggested Joe.

"So I think. I'll tell you why. I saw Moses Bunker thrust a long envelope into his breast pocket as he was going out. Soon after he came back, tossed the satchel on to the porch, and said he had decided to let the girl get her own truck, then went away laughing."

"And your idea is?"

"That the fellow came here on purpose to get the will, which Neva had very likely stolen first from him, judging from what Abe and she said a little while ago. Now if this is true, the will did not burn in the house."

"No. But it seems strange that Neva did not discover her loss. She seemed to think the will was still in the house at the time of the fire," our youthful detective remarked, with a puzzled expression.

"That is true."

"How do you explain it?"

"I am not trying to do anything of the kind."

"This visit of Bunker's was when?"

"Oh, the day after Neva came. At least ten days ago."

"And Neva said nothing to you about losing the will?"

"Not a thing. In fact she never told me that she had it."

Joe walked away in a very thoughtful mood. It seemed to him quite reasonable to suppose that the tramp had abstracted the will from Neva's belongings; yet how he could have done so and the girl not know it was the puzzle.

The boy remembered his experience at Lawyer Sneakum's office when the tramp produced the will for examination. This, of course, was after Bunker had called at Mrs. Rendow's and abstracted the will from Neva's satchel. Joe saw light now and felt happy. The will had not been burned in the house. Lawyer Sneakum still held possession of the same. Neva had suffered herself to be [illegible]ed in some unaccountable manner, and there was a great fight on for the winning of Trodden Place.

Going back to Mrs. Rendow, Joe inquired of her where her brother and Neva had gone.

"They expect to make their home at a hotel for the present," she informed him. "They wanted me to go, but I have friends with whom I can stop till I get my insurance money, when I expect to rebuild."

Joe went in search of the hotel where Neva was to live for a while. He experienced some difficulty in finding it. He ran squarely upon the spurious Moses Bunker, however, and shadowed him to one of the low saloons of the city. Into

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this Joe hated to plunge, but he smothered his scruples, remembering that he had much at stake.

Bunker seated himself at a table, called for wine, and drank freely. Leaning back against the wall the youth drew from his inner pocket a long envelope which he opened, examining the contents. Joe managed to steal near enough to glance over the reader's shoulder. He was delighted to see that the paper was a will, the very one which he would have given much to obtain.

"I must get that," thought Joe. But how? That was the question.

It could not be wrong to steal from a thief, the boy reasoned, and laid his plans accordingly. The will by right belonged to him, or to his guardian—and he had none. Joe whistled, walking up and down the room. There were other idlers in the place and more coming. Joe saw a smile steal over the ruddy face of Bunker as he ran his eye down the page.

"It's a dead cinch," muttered the fellow audibly.

"What's that?" Joe halted at the chair of the wine-drinker. "Did you speak to me, sir?"

"Naw! Go-long with you, kid," roared Bunker, folding and secreting his paper. "What business you in here, anyhow, Injun?"

"Same business you have, firebug!" retorted Joe.

"Now what d'ye mean by that?"

The face of the stout boy flushed, while a dangerous light shone in his eyes, a light that Joe had seen there on another occasion when the fire-setter covered him with his own rifle.

"Oh, nothing at all," soothed Joe. "Seems as though I heard some one call you Mose—did I?"

"S'pose you did?" sneered the elder boy, toying with his glass.

"Mebbe you might be Moses Bunker, you know?" suggested Joe, meekly.

"I might be, of course. In fact, I am Moses Bunker. Now what you going to do about it, say?"

"Nothing unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you make a claim that you are the missing Moses, who is heir to Trodden Place."

"The thunder you say!" gasped the other, staring at Joe. "Who be you, anyhow?"

"I'm Joe Hugshaw—live down on the island, same place as Indians."

"Nobody but Injun!" sneered Bunker. "Well, you seem to know a heap all the same, especially for a nichee. I have a notion to call you out and slap your jaw a couple of times, just for luck."

"Don't try it, Mose," warned Joe.

"Why shan't I try it, you cur?"

The red wine he had drunk was working, and the spurious heir to Trodden Place foolishly sought a quarrel with this strange half-breed boy. It was Joe's opportunity and he improved it.

"Don't git mad, stubby," jeered Joe. "I can lick a dozen bums like you."

"Lick me! You lick me, you roundhead!" yelled Bunker, rising from his chair with flaming eyes. "I'll show yeh!"

The angry youth slipped off his coat and tossed it on a chair, at the same time shaking his clinched hands in the face of Joe.

The younger boy was quick to take advantage of the situation. He plunged low between the legs of Bunker, hurling him to the floor. Scrambling up, while yet the bigger boy lay partially stunned, Joe made for the door, at the same time staggering against the chair on which was the coat, knocking this over. In the mixup Joe managed deftly to slip a long envelope from the coat pocket and transfer this to his own person.

"Stop him! stop the Injun!" yelled the bartender.

As he was about to pass through the door, Bunker, who had come back, made a grab, catching the collar of Joe. Twisting half about, the boy dealt a blow straight from the shoulder. Bunker dropped in his tracks, while Joe escaped to the street, nor stopped till he had turned several corners and found all pursuit at an end.

The boy detective now made his way to a small public house, where he was at present staying, and went up the stairs three steps at a clip. Once in his room, Joe locked the door and sank panting into a chair.

"Great luck, Till, old boy!" he laughed.

It was indeed great luck, since, when he drew out his envelope and examined its contents, he found what he had only dreamed of ever gaining possession of the only original last will and testament of the long dead Grantford Bunker, his own lamented grandfather.

"Eureka!" exclaimed the disguised boy. "I am as good as a bloated plutocrat already! What shall I do with my find? That is the question."

CHAPTER XVII.

MOVING EVENTS.

What should he do with his find? Such indeed was the question that confronted our boy hero at the close of the last chapter. He had carefully read over the paper he had found in the long envelope, and being a boy of unusual intelligence, he knew to a certainty that he was in possession of a genuine document.

It was a thrilling as well as a novel position for him. He realized that he himself was the boy mentioned in the will. Why, then, was it not easy enough for him to go forward, prove his identity, and take possession of the great fortune of the Bunkers?

There were obstacles in the way of this—more than one.

Joe, the boy detective, sat there in his room and reasoned it all out. His professed foster-mother, Olivia Trodden, was one obstacle, and the grim, unchristian, conscienceless Tory Trodden another

After living a dozen years in the uninterrupted enjoyment of the fortune of her greatuncle, it was not likely that Olivia would give up the fortune without a struggle. Nor would old Tory relinquish his grip till it was pried loose by justified law.

Joe thought of all this. He thought also of the fact that Olivia, the schemer, had all these years proclaimed the first heir dead. Before he (Till) could prove his identity, he must find out all about himself, and bring forward witnesses, who, for aught he knew, were scattered to the four corners of the globe. The boy found by mental calculation that no easy task lay before him. He was a lad of abundant resources, however, with the rigid determination to succeed.

"I'll sleep on this," he decided, returning the will to his pocket

The next day Joe was taken very ill, compelled to keep his room, and send for a physician. His illness, which was of an acute nature, proved to be of short duration. At the end of the third day he was up and around again.

To see a lawyer and place the will and his story in his hands was the determination of our boy hero. He lost no time in carrying out his resolution. During his sojourn at home, Joe had been many times to the different courtrooms in the city. Among the lawyers who had attracted the boy's favorable notice, was a gray-haired old man of fine form and feature, who excited his pleased admiration for his sincerity and seeming honesty of purpose.

"I'll go to old John Texton," declared Joe. "He will know exactly what to do, and will treat me honestly."

Attorney Texton was surprised one morning to receive a call from a young halfbreed, who stated frankly that he had come to seek his advice and services in an important case.

"I am looking for a lawyer who knows all about wills," said Joe, frankly.

"I am slightly versed in legal papers, my boy," smilingly returned John Texton. "Please sit down and let me hear your case."

The lad obeyed, opening his story by saying:

"It is the case of an infant who has been defrauded of his patrimony by a wicked relative."

"You interest me, my boy. Tell me all about it, please."

John Texton was a gentleman of the old school, very pleasant spoken, with gentle gray eyes and dark hair, sprinkled with white threads. His face was smooth shaven, ruddy, and intelligent, without being stern. Joe took to him at once, and told all he knew of his grandfather's will. When he had finished, the old lawyer smiled feelingly.

"Grantford Bunker was a fine old man," said he. "I knew him well; we were friends, and my being absent at the time of his last illness alone prevented his calling on me to make out his last will and testament. I am glad you came to me, my boy, although it seems a little singular that you should know all this when you are in no way related to the Troddens. You have seen the hair——"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied Joe, quickly, not quite sure whether it was best to reveal his identity to the lawyer. "Till Trodden is the real Bunker lad."

"And he is living at Trodden Place?"

"He has been living there, has lived with the Troddens for a dozen years, passing as their son. Being ill-treated he has left them, going away a fortnight or more ago."

"Where is he now?"

"I can find him when he is needed, sir."

"Good. Let me see the will."

The boy drew out the long envelope and placed it in the hand of Mr. Texton. Th latter adjusted his glasses, removed the paper, and opened it. He turned this over several times, then turned to his visitor with a surprised look in his mild old eyes.

"Why," said he, "there must be some mistake. There's nothing but blank paper here."

"A mistake!" gasped Joe, his face going white. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets, even turned them inside out in an endeavor to find another envelope, but none was produced.

"That certainly is the right one you have, Mr. Texton," assured Joe. "The will must be there."

"No, it's not here. Look for yourself, my boy," and the attorney handed over the official envelope which contained several folded papers, each a blank.

The expression on Joe's face was also blank.

"My goodness!" he gasped. "I have been robbed!"

A doubting look swept the face of the old attorney. Said he:

"I have no time to waste with idle jokes. I must ask you to retire, as I shall be pretty busy the rest of the day."

Joe bounded from his chair, his face red and twitching.

"It must have been done while I was sick!" he cried. "I was out of my head part of the time. Somebody has faked the will. Maybe it's laid away for me at the hotel. I will go and see."

"That's the best thing you can do."

Joe rushed from the place, hurrying back to his lodging-house determined to make a thorough search. He was very much excited and cast down when he searched in vain for the will; it was again lost, this time he feared for good and all. His head swam when he realized the truth, the monstrous fact that all his bright pictures for the future were wiped out forever.

"Ruined! Ruined!" groaned the boy, sinking to a chair, burying his face in his crossed arms. A touch on the sorrowing lad's shoulder roused him to himself with a start.

"I have been looking everywhere for you, Joe."

There before him stood little Neva Flight, her face as pure and delicate as an angel's.

"Looking for me?" gasped the astonished heir. "Well, what for? I don't think many folks would put themselves out to hunt me up, unless it was to give me a slug in the jaw. You are a mighty kind little miss to give poor Joe Hugshaw a second thought."

"I remember you as the boy who were kind to me the other day when I was hunting for Daddy. I have come to talk with you alone."

"All right," quickly assented the boy detective. He got up and went out with Neva, walking along the street to an alley. Down this he turned, followed by the girl. "Now what is it, Miss Flight?"

"It's about the Bunker will."

"Great Caesar! that will again!" exclaimed the boy.

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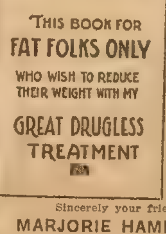
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"Yes, that will again, Joe."

Tears sparkled in the girl's bright eyes, and she seemed very deeply moved. He laid a caressing, kindly hand on her shoulder.

"It's all right, Neva," he assured her. "I have had a lot of trouble over that will. I reckon, though, that it's lost for good this time."

"Aunt Rendow's house burned, and I thought the will went with it. I have seen my aunt—she came over to us in our new home, and to tell Daddy and me that possibly the will might still be safe."

"Yes," said Joe.

"It was this way. I hid the will under the carpet in my room. A boy came to see me one day while I was absent, pretended to be my friend, and so Auntie permitted him to go through my room. That was some time ago. She saw him thrust a long envelope into his pocket as he went out, and that may have been the will."

"But did you not look to see if the paper was safe?"

"In a way I did. Every day I lifted the carpet edge and saw the envelope."

"And didn't you open it——"

"Not for a long time. I saw the envelope each day, which was enough for me."

"Well?"

Her listener was deeply interested.

"Since the fire I have been thinking deeply on the loss of the papers which have quite made Daddy ill. He won't eat, and talks continually of the loss of a fortune. This makes me feel bad, and I am trying to do something to bring back his cheerful smile once more. That is why I have hunted for you, Joe."

"Well, Neva, I am sorry, but I can't help you one bit," sighed Joe.

"Do you know," continued the girl, "I am most sure the will did not burn up in the fire after all."

"What has been done to change your mind, miss?" listlessly asked the boy.

"All of a sudden I remembered something."

"Yes?"

"It just occurred to me that the envelope I looked at every day was really a different one from that which contained the will—it was of a darker shade. I had not thought much about it, though, till this trouble came."

"You are right, girl, the will did not burn."

Thereupon Joe made a clean breast of his part in the finding of the will and of its subsequent loss.

"Does nobody about the hotel know anything about it?" asked Neva.

"They all pretend not to, anyhow."

"Very likely that impostor has got it again."

"The false Moses Bunker?"

"I'm half of that notion myself."

Joe walked home with the girl, the two conversing in confidential tones during the walk. The boy marked the house where Neva and her father stopped, promised to let the girl know if he chanced again to find the will, then departed, turning his steps toward the office of Lawyer Sneakum.

When Joe reached the vicinity of the great criminal lawyer's office, he saw a stout boy just coming down the steps. Behind him was Sneakum with his hand on the arm of the other.

"I shall proceed at once with the suit, Moses," and the speaker released his hold on the other and rubbed his hands together gleefully.

"Lucky find for me, eh, Graft?" chuckled the big boy.

"That it was, Moses," agreed the lawyer. "I shall see that hereafter the will is securely locked in my vault at the bank."

Joe understood now where the will had gone. It was plain that the pretended heir had been on his track since that row in the saloon, and that he had taken the first opportunity to make himself whole by sneaking the will.

"The villains!" muttered Joe.

At this moment Sneakum returned to his office, while big Moses Bunker walked down toward the watching Joe.

"Hello!" exclaimed Moses, halting to scowl at the young halfbreed.

"The same to you, thief!" snapped angry Joe.

"You are the thief. I've placed a warrant for your arrest in the hands of the proper officer. Meantime, I think a flogging will do you good."

The big husky Moses slipped off his coat and spat on his hands.

"Prepare to take a licking, you shrimp!" he shouted.

Joe braced himself, resolved not to show the white feather.

Bunker lunged forward with a howl of wrath.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT TRODDEN PLACE.

Joe dodged the lunge of the big chap, the latter plunging sharply against a tree. Despite the gravity of the situation, Joe laughed.

"Laugh, will you, lobster!"

Moses Bunker sprang angrily forward. Again Joe dodged, but not quick enough to avoid a collision. The two went to the walk in a squirming, struggling mass. Over and over they rolled. Our boy detective was slender, but well put together. He fought like a young tiger, soon tearing himself loose. He now struggled to his feet just as Lawyer Sneakum, hearing the racket, came upon the street once more.

"Here, what does this mean?" cried the lawyer, grasping Joe by the shoulder, shaking him sharply.

"It means that this firebug, who has employed you to cheat an honest lad out of his own, pitched on to me and got the worst of it, that's all."

"Here, cop, take this young outlaw to the cooler, I'll see that he is appeared against in the morning."

And thus was our boy hero summarily handed over to the police.

"He began the fight," and Joe pointed at stout Moses, who was now just getting upon his feet.

"No such thing!" snarled the big boy, who was wiping the blood from his face with his handkerchief. "He tried to rob me; he's an Injun tough, that's what he is."

"I corroborate that, officer," put in Sneakum.

"They are both liars, officer!" uttered Joe, who forgot discretion in his anger. The officer, one of the ordinary fat-witted roundsmen, accepted the statement of the two against one, and led Joe protesting from the spot.

"Good enough!" and big Moses hugged himself and laughed long and loud. "That feller'll stop in jail till we get this job of ours completed, Mr. Sneakum. Eh? Ain't that so?"

"If we can arrange it that way, perhaps," hesitatingly returned the attorney. "I don't know, however, that it matters much. One half-breed boy more or less doesn't count."

"But it does, though," protested the client. "He's the fellow that got me into trouble in a saloon, then stole the will. If he hadn't been taken sick I might never have had the chance to get it again."

"Wonder why he wanted the will, an ignorant sandpiper like him?" mused the lawyer.

"He's smarter'n he looks," said Moses. "Very likely he would have given the paper to Mrs. Trodden; then I would have been out. Now," with an uplift of both bony arms and a mighty grimace, "I shall get Grandad Bunker's fortune, and you won't have to pettifog for a living any more."

"Never you mind about pettifogging," sneered Sneakum. "I know my business. I am free to say that I am distrusting you. The will designates Moses Bunker as the heir. How do I know you are he?"

"Haven't I told you who I am?"

"Your unsupported word amounts to only that," and Sneakum snapped his fingers disdainfully.

"Oh, well, if you feel like that, drop the case and I'll employ another lawyer," growled the big pretender grimly. This, of course, was not the intention of Mr. Sneakum. He quickly said:

"I suppose it is all right, boy. In case I find you have been deceiving me, I shall continue the case by finding the rightful heir and placing him in possession of the fortune."

"How wise you are!" jeered Bunker.

Meantime, Joe, the half-breed detective, was in jail through his own indiscretion. He languished there till fetched forth, after a night in the "cooler," to be tried before the Police Court. Nobody appearing against him, he was released after paying a nominal fine for disturbing the peace.

"Lucky I was in disguise," thought the boy. "It wouldn't sound well to see the name of old Grantford Bunker's heir in the list of arrests."

Joe went once more to Lawyer Texton!

"Well," remarked that worthy, "what have you to offer this time? Have you found the will of your friend's Grandfather Bunker?"

"I have knowledge of its whereabouts, but am unable to get possession of it," responded the boy.

"That is bad."

"I know it, sir. The will was taken out of my pocket while I was ill in bed, by the chap who pretends to be the heir."

"Pretends to be? Have you any assurance that he is not that person?"

"Why, yes," granted Joe. "He is a wild, reckless firebug, whom the authorities really want for setting fires in the woods and to various houses and barns. Such a boy as that could not possibly be the heir, could he now?"

"I am not saying as to that. Even wealthy young men sometimes go astray."

"Oh, but there is quite enough evidence to prove that Till Trodden is the one mentioned in this will."

Joe went on to tell the old lawyer what he knew about Till, of what he had heard Abraham Flight and Mrs. Trodden say on the subject that night in the park, of Billy Gabbs' observations at the home of the Troddens, going to confirm his belief in the sure-enough right of the orphan lad known as Till to the magnificent estate of the Bunkers.

"I believe you are sincere," remarked the lawyer when Joe had finished, "but it was unfortunate in you to lose possession of the will. I certainly should like to place my eyes on that document."

"And can nothing be done to get it back?"

"Not at present. If, as you say, Sneakum has placed it in a bank vault, it will likely be safe for the present. All we can do is to go to court, and when the case of Burke versus Trodden comes up, put in a plea for the real heir."

"Can you do that without having the will?"

"I don't see why not. The will will undoubtedly be produced by Sneakum, with the impostor in the room to try to make his claim good. You say you can bring the real Moses to court?"

"Sure I can."

"Then fetch him with you to my office at once. I must see him before this case comes to trial."

Joe hesitated, reddening under his artificial tan.

"I don't know," hesitated the boy.

"But I know," said the lawyer, bluntly. "You must produce the heir, or I will do nothing whatever."

"All right," and Joe walked out with head drooped, a troubled look in his eyes. The time for acting had arrived. He must at least drop his disguise in the presence of the lawyer. Doubtless the old man could keep a secret, thus leaving him to pursue the course he had been doing for some time past.

In the edge of evening Joe went to the Trodden home to confer with Billy. He hung around the stables and outhouses some time, sending up a shrill whistle now and then, hoping to attract his chum to the outside. Billy came rolling down the walk at length, vaulting a fence, coming into the presence of Joe with a wheeze and a bound.

"So you've come back at last," chortled the fat boy, blinking in the semilight like a wise old owl.

"I've been ill, Billy——"

"Oh, that's what kept you, eh?"

"That's what kept me. Anything doing, Billy?"

"Yes, a whole lot."

"What is it?"

"Them tricksters—Madam and old Flight."

"Good," said Joe.

"Good or bad, jest as you take it," grunted Billy. "Abe Flight's been here this very day. Fact is he's up there," pointing to a light in an upper window, "talking with your marm now."

"Not my mother, Billy, remember that," protested Joe.

"Oh, to be sure. I forgot——"

"Well, try not to forget again, Billy."

"You bet I won't, Joe."

"What were they saying, Billy?"

"I couldn't hear it all, but enough got to my noodle to tell me that them two are at odds jes' now. Abe wants money for the will, and Madam's trying to cut down his demands a bit."

"The scamp!" ejaculated Joe. "Why, he hasn't got the will."

"He talked as though he had—to that woman."

"He was fooling her, Billy. The will is safely locked in a deposit vault in one of the city banks, and old Graft Sneakum's got the key."

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"You sure?"

Billy stared fixedly at the speaker.

"Yes, Billy, I am sure."

"Blame'f that ain't funny," chuckled the fat boy. "Now Abe talks cocksure 'at he's got the will. He's made the woman believe it, anyhow, and he's going to get a lot of money to produce it, don't you know."

"He can't produce it."

"Then he don't get any rocks from Marm Trodden."

"Maybe he has forged a will," suggested Joe

"Mebbe. I hadn't thought of that," acquiesced Billy.

The two boys walked and talked along the front of Trodden Place. They were very much interested in the complications brought about by the many changes of owners to the will. It would be a wonder if that important paper did not get lost in the riffle. Joe feared this. Billy was intensely interested in all that his chum told him of his recent adventures.

"Of course you'll have to go to court without having the will," he finally [illegible]. "It's too bad, though, you had to lose it at the last minute. The [illegible] Mose Bunker is a corker, ain't he, Joe?"

He is a bad one," admitted Joe.

"The way Flight talks to Mrs. Trodden, one would think he had the will, but if it's safe in a bank vault and Sneakum has the key, why, then Flight is simply bluffing."

"Sure thing," agreed Joe

"I'd go into court, anyhow, and watch your chance," advised Billy. "You can't any mor'n fail"

"I shall be governed by my lawyer's advice entirely," said Joe.

Just then Billy uttered an ejaculation and caught his companion's arm.

"See, there he goes now!" whispered the fat boy, huskily.

"Who goes, Billy?"

"Abe Flight."

Joe pulled away from his companion's clutch, and ran down along the front of the grounds to intercept the settler. Billy stood paralyzed, muttering:

"What d'ye think of that?"

Joe rounded up in front of Mr. Flight, whirled at his side, and walked with him to the broad sidewalk, accommodating his stride to that of the man.

"Mr. Flight," said the boy, "I want to ask you a question."

And then the man, so preoccupied was he, noticed his boy companion for the first time.

"What is it you want?" demanded Flight, not halting in his stride.

"Why don't you take the side of the rightful heir in this controversy?"

"Eh?"

The man stopped and stared. The impudence of the question fired at him from the lips of a stripling half-breed seemed to stagger him.

Joe repeated his question. Flight seized the interloper by the arm, and shoved him into the gutter, moving on again without deigning to make reply.

Next week's Ledger will contain the concluding chapters of this rattling good boys' story. They have great times. Read it to the end and see. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

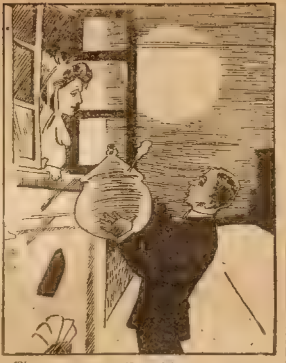
Couldn't Be Converted.

The minister walked solemnly to the front of the platform, and after gazing intently at the congregation for some moments he cleared his throat and spoke.

"I am sorry to have to announce," he said slowly, "that some member of this congregation on Sunday last put a counterfeit silver dollar in the contribution box. What his motive was I know not. He may have assumed that for the heathen a spurious dollar was as good as a real one, but it should be understood that the actual money we take in here does not go directly to them, and I hope the individual who gave the spurious coin will be good enough to redeem it. I am sorry to have to make the request, but the fact is that I have tried three times to pass the dollar in question off myself, and in every case unsuccessfully, wherefore I consider that it is up to the donor to make good."

"I am the guilty party, parson," said a little red-headed individual sitting in the third row of pews, rising and taking a genuine dollar out of his pocket. "I had hoped, sir, that a man of your strong powers of exhortation, who has made a good man out of such unpromising material as myself, would be able to convert that dollar."

"You will please resume your seat, Mr. Skinnerton," said the clergyman. "The treasurer will negotiate the exchange at the conclusion of the service. The ushers will now proceed with the collection, and while they are about it, please let me say that, as between counterfeit money and suspender buttons for the collection plate, I most unquestionably prefer the latter. The suspender button can be made useful, but spurious money is not only useless but involves the clerical conscience in too great a strain, considering the size of the average ministerial salary."



The messenger (knocking on the window at midnight)—Mrs. Hinterhuber, here's the punch bowl your husband won at bowling tonight. I'll bring the four glasses that go with it, and your husband, next trip!

* * *

Southern Railroad Speed.

The speed at which the trains are run on some of our Southern roads would almost disgrace a sick mule. One day as a train was on its way to Richmond, from a city farther south, some cows appeared upon the track. The engineer made a lively tooting with the steam whistle to frighten them off, and all went well, or slow, until about five miles had been passed, when some more cows made their appearance on the track ahead of the train. The engineer "tooted" his whistle again, and one of the passengers, seeing the conductor close at hand, asked:

"Say what's the matter? Have we caught up with those cows again?"

What the conductor thought was never known, for he was too full for utterance.

On another occasion, when a new road was first inaugurated, for the first week or so it was the habit to ride people free to enable them to see the road, and pedestrians were frequently invited to jump on and take a ride. One day the train stopped at a station, and just as it was about to start again, an old negro was seen walking along the road in the direction the train was going.

"Hello, uncle!" called the conductor, "get up and ride. Won't cost you anything."

The old darky turned round, and taking off his hat, said:

"Much obleeged, massa, but dis chile is in a right smart hurry, and I guess I better trot along afoot." And he walked off amid a roar of laughter from the bystanders.

* * *

Like Cures Like,

"This bill of fare offers so much rich food that it fairly gives me indigestion to look it over."

"You can remedy that in the same way. Read this advertisement about a dyspepsia pill."

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You KNOW it is good and pure—the Government's Green Stamp over the cork is your protection.

NO MATTER what others may promise—no matter how tempting their offers may seem—*see* if they offer *Bottled-in-Bond* whiskey—and remember—there is only one way you can be *sure* of getting pure, straight whiskey—and that is to *insist* on Bottled-in-Bond.

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There's no question about a whiskey like *this*—the Government's Green Stamp over the cork is *your* assurance that it is Bottled-in-Bond—fully aged, full 100% proof, full measure—and a *guarantee* that it comes to you just as it left the distillery, in all its original purity and goodness.

WE WANT you to TRY this whiskey on our guarantee you will find it all we claim—as fine as you ever tasted—and the best value you ever saw—or you may send it back at our expense—and we will return your money.

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Enclosed find $3.20 for which send me FOUR full quart bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—express paid—as per your offer. It is understood that if this whiskey is not found as represented and satisfactory to me in every way, it may be returned at your expense—and my $3.20 is to be promptly refunded. G-30

Name ____________

Address ____________

Note the price—only 80 cents a quart—delivered. Where else can you buy a Bottled-in-Bond whiskey of this magnificent quality at this price.

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THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Dept. G-30

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The set contains every dish that is needed to serve a course dinner, which are as follows: 12 9-inch Plates, 12 [illegible] Plates, 12 7½ inch Plates, 12 Fruit or Vegetable Dishes, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Individual Butter Dishes, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 1 large Platter, 1 smaller Platter, 2 large Vegetable Dishes and 2 Covers, 1 Baking Dish, 1 Pickle Dish, 1 Sauce Boat, 1 Butter Dish, 1 Cover and 1 Strainer, 1 Sugar Bowl and 1 Cover, 1 Cream Jug and 1 Bowl; 112 pieces in all. LACK OF ROOM DOES NOT PERMIT US TO SHOW ENTIRE SET

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Elegant hunting case beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind and stem set, fitted with 7 jeweled American made lever movement, guaranteed 20 years, with long gold finished chain for Ladies, vest chain or fob for Gents.

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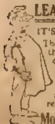

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THE FAIRY CORNER

WASHIN'TON'S BIRTHDAY.

You all is wrong! 'Twas summeh when
  Gawge Washin'ton wuz bohn;
Dey wuz birds a-singin' in de trees,
  Dey wuz tossels on de cohn;
An' I recommembeh well an' good
  Dat de flowers wuz bloomin gay—
Yit heah you comes a-makin' out
  Dat de winteh's his buthday!

Don' tell me 'bout yo' hist'ry books!
  How come dat histo[illegible]
In speakin' 'bout Gawge Washin'ton,
  Knows so much mo' [illegible]
Ain't I done nuss, an' feed, an' love,
  An' raise him all [illegible]
An' spank him when he need it, too?
  An' ain't he my own [illegible]?

[illegible]
  His buthday [illegible] col'?
[illegible]
  [illegible]
[illegible]
  In time ut sheets an' [illegible]!
De summeh wuz [illegible]
  I tell you twaz! I knows

You youngsters—kaze you's been to school!
  Jes thinks you knows it all!
'Spect you'll be tellin' me, fo' long,
  I ain't got no sense at all!
Huh! P'raps I ain't—it's hahd to tell,
  But dis I sho' kin say
P'int blank about Gawge Washin'ton—
  De summeh's his buthday.

❦

The Conqueror.

George Washington was a conqueror from his youth. When he was a boy at school he could ride and break colts and horses, regardless of their training, gait or temper. He knew where to find and where to take the roving game of the Virginia forests. Nothing seemed to daunt the strong spirit within him. After leaving school, at the age of 16, he joined his brother Lawrence at the latter's home. Lads could be companions of men in those times. The outdoor life of sport and adventure, where spirit, courage, and manliness counted, told for comradeship. George was thrown into the company of Lord Fairfax, who saw in the athletic boy a fearless woodman, with steady judgment already shining in his gray eyes. Lord Fairfax gave the youth a commission to survey the land of his grant. In one month George started out with his little band of assistants, riding many miles through the wildest country. He returned with maps and figures that showed Lord Fairfax clearly where his lands lay upon the Shenandoah and Potomac Rivers.

Remember, that boy was just out of school and it was wild and perilous work. Rivers were swollen and dangerous and no lodgings were to be had in the miserable cabins of the scattered settlers. The woodsmen passed many nights around their campfire in the open woods. Washington seemed to have relished the experience, for a letter to a comrade at the time reads:

"I have not slept in a bed for three or four nights, but after walking about all day lay down before the fire with the others like a parcel of dogs and cats—and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire."

This success in surveying brought him frequent employment in this profession, which he followed for three years. Then his brother Lawrence died and everything changed for George. It was necessary that he should stand as his brother's representative. Before his brother's death he had been assigned as major and adjutant-general. So we find this brave-hearted, manly youth at the age of 20 looking after the military discipline of [illegible] counties, administering his brother's estate, and assuming on all sides the responsibility of a man of affairs.

❦

A Stamp.

All the boys in school were going to bring pictures of George Washington to school the 21st of February, and they intended to arrange a picture gallery on the table and drape it with flags. Billy had no picture of George Washington to bring. The boys said they were going to make a Washington club, and nobody could belong unless he brought a picture. Billy did not want to be left out of the fun, but he had no money to buy one. As a last chance he wrote to his Aunt Martha and asked her if she would send him one, but just as he was starting out for school on the morning of the 21st, a letter came from his Aunt Martha saying she had no pictures of Washington, and there were lots of things he needed more, anyway.

Billy put the letter in his geography and started off sadly. He reached school in the midst of the preparations, and as he went to his desk the letter fell out of his geography. Billy picked it up and looked at it gloomily.

Then all at once his face brightened. The stamp!

Billy worked it off the letter and laid it on his palm. It was not much blackened by the canceling. Proudly he went forward and joined the other boys.

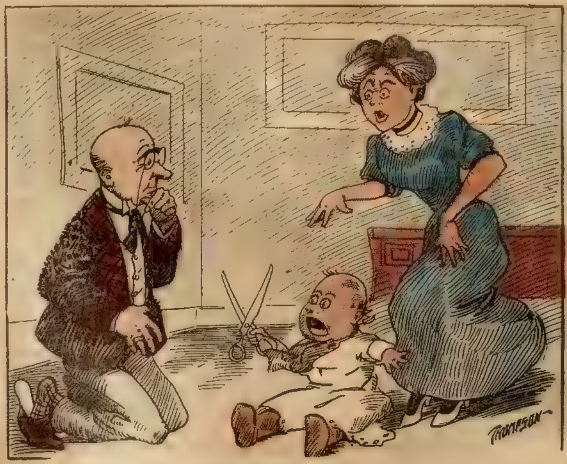
"Hello, Billy," said one. "Where's your picture of Washington?"

"Here!" said Billy, holding up the stamp.

The boys enjoyed the joke so much that Billy's stamp had the place of honor on the table and Billy had as good a time as any one that day.

❦

When a girl throws a man over he is apt to light on his knees in front of another girl.



Mrs Binker—What in the world did you give the baby the scissors for?
Mr. Binker—When he wants to cut a tooth he's got to have something to do it with, hasn't he?

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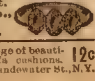

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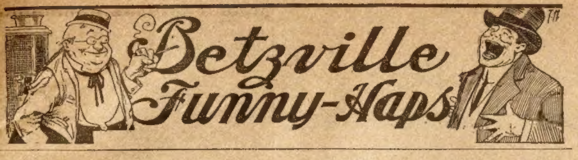

Plogs and the Honk-Honk

By Ellis Parker Butler

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

The Hon. Gustapher Plogs is one of the most prominent citizens of our county, and is stout for his size, principally around his belt. He is known far and near as the only man with nerve enough to wear a Prince Albert coat on week days, and is representative from our county in the statehouse. We all wish he lived in Betzville, but he comes down once in a while, and the other day he came down in his automobile.

Gustapher's automobile is small but nervy, being one of the vintage of seven years ago, with a curly dashboard and an exclamatory noise, and when Gustapher gets aboard he fills it so full of Gustapher that the springs slap together like castanets.

One day he came down to Betzville, and he had a new honker on his car, and when he pressed the rubber bulb it gave forth a honk-honk that was like a low wail of sorrow. He was coming into town along the Gratz Hollow Road, honking every little while on general principles, and thinking no evil, and at the same time Silas Prowse's cow was eating grass sadly, and mourning the recent loss of her calf, which had become veal a short time before. The cow was about a mile from Gustapher, but the moment she heard his honker she pricked up her ears, and uttered a low moo of distress, and started for Gustapher on the lope.

When Gustapher came over the rise of the hill he saw the cow and the cow saw him, and he honked to warn the cow off his right of way, but instead of getting out of the way, she uttered a low cry of joy and sped toward Gustapher. So he honked again, and at that the cow fairly laughed with happiness and broke into a gallop straight toward Gustapher.

Gustapher had never seen a cow act in just that way, and he didn't know what to make of it, so he brought his car to a stop and took hold of the bulb of his honker and honked at the cow for all he was worth. The cow stopped straight in front of him and looked at the automobile with a puzzled air, and when they had stood there for a minute or two she looked up at Gustapher with a wistful, pleading look in her eyes.

For quite a while Gustapher did not know what the cow wanted. He thought maybe the heat had driven her insane, and the more so because she got madder and madder. Then he gave her a warning honk, and she immediately quieted down and resumed her puzzled but satisfied look, but when he didn't honk she grew angry. They stood there at least half an hour, mooing and honking back and forth. Every time the cow would moo Gustapher had to honk, and every time he honked the cow would moo, but you can't expect a State representative in a Prince Albert coat to sit all day in an automobile honking for the pleasure of a spotted cow. So he started his car slowly and kept up a steady low honking, and the cow trotted along at his side like a large coach dog.

But the more Gustapher thought about it the more he felt that it would not be dignified to enter town paced by a spotted cow, and as his old teapot of an automobile couldn't go as fast as the cow could lope, he hardly knew what to do about it. And right there was where he realized that his honker made a honk exactly similar to the bleat of a calf, and that the cow did not care a fig for him or his automobile—all she cared for was the low, pleading honk of his honker.

So Gustapher unscrewed his honker, and after he had studied the cow a while he tied the horn on the cow's fore leg, and then he made her hoist up her foot, and he tied the bulb on the bottom of the foot. Well, if you ever saw a joyous cow, it was that one when she set her foot to the ground and the honker honked forth a low, calf-like honk. She practiced a few minutes, raising and lowering her foot, and in a little while she could honk as well as Gustapher himself. She was perfectly satisfied and happy, and Gustapher went on into town, and did his business, and as he passed the cow on his way home she honked at him joyfully.

About two months after that Gustapher was at the statehouse, when he received a postcard from Silas Prowse. It said: "I wisht if you can you would get the State Secretary of Agriculture to tell what is the matter with my cow. Long about two months ago she had her calf took away, and she got peevish and started into a decline, but some vettinary tied a sort of business onto her foot and she picked up again. But now the blamed foot business don't work, and she's peevish again and has a high temperature."

As soon as the Hon. Gustapher Plogs read that postcard he put on his hat and took the train for home, and got into his automobile and automobiled along the road to Betzville, and sure enough, at the top of the Gratz Hollow Road was the cow, looking steadily and hopefully in his direction, and as soon as she saw him she gave a whoop of joy and started for him, and when she reached the automobile she stopped and held up her foot.

Gustapher saw what was the matter right away—the cow had a puncture in the honker bulb. He jumped out of his automobile, and got out his repair kit and mended the puncture, and the cow tried the honker gently and it honked all right! Well, sir, she went right up to Gustapher and kissed him on the left cheek, although she had always been a most modest cow. But she was that grateful.

When he got back to the statehouse he wrote a letter to Silas Prowse and explained all about it, and he didn't hear any more from the cow for quite a while, and then he got word from Silas, "I wisht you would come and get your honker off my cow," the letter said. "She's got another calf, and don't need it, and between the honker and the new calf she's most distracted. She thinks she's got twins."

In next week's Ledger another Funny-Hap called "Rhinocolura and the Home Run." It will tickle you. Read it.

* * *

Secret of Success.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the great British merchant, and yachtsman of international fame, and who, by his own unaided efforts, rose from poverty to great wealth says:

"When men tell you there are no more chances in this world, tell them they are mistaken. America abounds in so many that I marvel why any one cares to leave its shores permanently. There are thousands of manufactures that are still in an imperfect state; there are millions of acres that are still to be made productive; there are countless achievements yet to be undertaken.

"I have often been asked to define the true secret of success. It is thrift in all its phases, and, principally, thrift as applied to saving. A young man may have many friends, but he will find none so steadfast, so constant, so ready to respond to his wants, so capable of pushing him ahead, as a little leather-covered book with the name of a bank on its cover. Saving is the first great principle of all success. It creates independence, it gives a young man standing, it fills him with vigor, it stimulates him with the proper energy; in fact, it brings to him the better part of any success—happiness and contentment. If it were possible to inject the quality of saving into every boy, we would have a great many more successful men."

* * *

Duties of Hospitality.

The childish mind works within what seems to the adult like narrow limits; but within those limits it often works with great accuracy.

Two children, of whom Constance was one, were playing in Constance's yard. She remembered the teaching of her parents, but she wished to play a certain game, and Taylor desired to play another game.

"You ought to play my game," said Taylor, "because I'm your visitor, and you ought to do what I want to do."

Constance realized the truth of this, yet she did not wish to give in to her little friend.

"Let's go over to your house, Taylor," she said.

She Exercised the Recall.

"You're going to the smoker tonight, aren't you?"

"Nope."

"Why, the boys are expecting you. Didn't you promise them you'd be there?"

"Yes. I intended to be present, but, you see, we have the recall system in our family, and my wife has just exercised it."

* * *

Perhaps Adam blamed it on his wife because he had no mother-in-law.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

A reservation of fertile valley land is now open in Mexico. Homesteads Free. Only requirement is to have five acres planted within five years. An authorized Improvement Co. will plant the bananas and market them on shares. Your share should bring $200 per acre, annually. Apply immediately. Address the Rio Tonto Land Co., Block 402, Greensburg, Pa. They are distributors for the U. S. The land lies between the river and railroad. Climate fine, eternal spring, never hot—never cold. Abundant rainfall. Three crops a year. You need not go to Mexico.

* * *

No Show.

Jones—Do you think the horse will survive the automobile?

Brown—Not if it gets in its way.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491. Blairsville, Pa.

* * *

Honest, now, did you ever mail a postal card for a friend without reading it?

What Makes These Women So Attractive?

A woman may be bright, entertaining, dance well, talk well, and be superior in almost every way, but if she is slim she never does and never will attract attention and admiration like the woman with the clear, healthy complexion, full, firm bust, shapely shoulders and a plump pretty figure.

If the girl with the figure is absolutely uninteresting, the slim girl gets her opportunity, but the shapely girl always gets the first chance.

If you are thin you know this to be true.

Now perhaps you have tried so-called flesh-builders to improve your figure, and failed to get results—but there is a difference in flesh-builders just as there is in dressmakers. Some are good, some are poor, some are useless.

The first flesh-builder on the market, and which is still doing unlimited good to thousands of women all over the country, is Dr. Whitney's Nerve and Flesh Builder.

Fourteen years ago we started to offer the American Public the same as we offer you today—a generous free treatment without a penny of cost or obligation.

We want every American woman, girl and man to give our treatment a fair test. We want to prove to every girl and woman that it has the qualities which will give them a beautiful figure, with full firm bust, prettily rounded neck and shoulders, and perfectly developed limbs. That it will positively enlarge your bust measurement from 2 to 6 inches according to requirements.

Many thousands have taken advantage of this offer with results which you can see plainly in the statement of facts and photos which we will send with your free trial treatment—

Actual photographs and signed letters published by permission are the proofs that we show; no vague promises or statements with hidden meanings, but actual proofs.

Please give the original and oldest flesh-builder on the market one chance to show you what it can do at our expense—It is a purely vegetable treatment with wonderful upbuilding qualities and is always of benefit to the general health. It will give you a beautifully clear complexion in a very short time.

Treatment No. 1 is a general system flesh-builder for both men and women. Treatment No. 8 is for giving development to the bust alone. Please say which one you prefer. Only one can be sent.

We have thousands of letters like the following:

Mrs. H. H. Robbins, of Boston, Mass., says: "After spending twenty years in trying to develop a bust and spending all kinds of money, I have with your remedy developed a bust I am proud of, and enclose my latest picture, which you can use; for, if others who have no bust are as unhappy as I have been, I wish to help them all I can.

"My friends all notice the change. I have for many years weighed 115 pounds or less. I now weigh 140.

"It seems quite wonderful for one of my age to be so successful, as I have used so many different 'treatments,' etc., without the least benefit until I began your preparation."

Mrs. A. C. Feldner, of New Orleans, La., says: "Your treatment is wonderful. I am well pleased with your Flesh Builder and will send for a large order soon, as I never wish to be without it. My doctor was surprised when I saw him; I asked him if there was anything wrong with me. He said, 'No; what have you been doing with yourself that you look so fine?' I told him I had been using Dr. Whitney's Nerve and Flesh Builder. He said if anything on earth had helped me like that to keep it up for a while longer, by all means."

Street addresses on request.

All you need to do is to send the coupon below with your address. Treatment will be sent in a plain wrapper. We suggest that you write today, now, while you think of it, and put us to the test at once. Address

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I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure,

I will mail, free of any charge, **my home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. **Men can not** understand women's sufferings. What we women know **from experience**, we know better than any doctor. **I know that my home treatment** is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.**

I want to send you **a complete ten days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that **it will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address**, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you **free of cost**, my book—**"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to **think for herself.** Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young.** To **Mothers of Daughters**, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address**, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, **also the book.** Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

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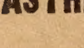
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Home and Fashion

Fur Styles.

Fur coats this season are shown in three lengths, the full-length, the three-quarter and the thirty-inch length, and all are worn.

The high-class coats, such as the mink, seal, otter, Persian lamb and broadtail, are noticeable for the absence of contrasts, and they are self-trimmed. The fisher, fitch and ermine coats, however, while high-priced, often show contrasts in trimmings and side fastenings.

In sleeves both the kimono and regulation cut are used, the former appearing in high-grade garments and the latter deep shawl collar as being more becoming. Hudson seal and pony are popular for coats, while caracul is largely used as trimming.

This year's models have shawl or sailor collars, hood effects, large cuffs, wide banding and at the same time giving the garment a more distinctive appearance.

In the remodeling of coats it is often necessary to add contrasts and for this purpose the soft furs are selected, for the length is a little way below the waistline, but those reaching farther down are found in the high-priced pieces.

Large collars, flat stoles, fancy capes, and the animal-shaped neckpieces are all popular.

Muffs are still large, but not of the enormous proportions that were seen last year. The large pillow muff is popular, and the semibarrel is a favorite, but many of the saddle variety also are seen.

The pretty fox skins are much in evidence. Other fashionable pelts are the lynx, raccoon, mink and wolf.

Care of Dress.

To be well groomed is essential to a good appearance. Buttons, hooks and eyes have to be carefully looked over and kept properly sewn. Once allowed to be loose, a gown get out of shape.

Skirts and waists must be carefully united. A visit to the shoemaker does a good deal toward being well groomed, which is quite out of the question if you are not well shod. Footgear should be kept on trees or, at all events, well stuffed with paper at the toes, and it should be carefully protected from dust. The same boots and shoes should never be worn day after day.

One or two soft brushes are needed for hats, and each hat should be kept in a separate box.

Jackets and coats should not be hung up without a hanger, which preserves the shape of the shoulders.

Never wear white or light gloves too long; if oversoiled they will not clean well. To be well dressed cannot be accomplished without trouble.

Time Savers.

There are little time savers of the toilet which are worth learning. In threading ribbon or tape through lingerie, a wooden match makes an excellent substitute for a bodkin. It is, however, possible to do without threading the ribbon at all, and, when about to send the garment to the laundry, a piece of narrow tape should be tied to the end of the ribbon and the latter drawn out of the thread holes, leaving the tape in its place. The knot is then unfastened, and the set of lingerie can be sent to the wash, the ribbon being replaced on its return in exactly the same manner. In the case of those whose lingerie is entirely ornamented with rows of ribbon run beading, this plan may save many quarters of an hour during the week.

For the Baby.

A pretty and useful gift for the new baby is a crocheted cover for the nursing bottle. The glass surface of the bottle is very apt to slip away from an infant that is too young to hold the bottle well in place but if it is covered there will be no difficulty in making it rest comfortably by baby's pillow, while she is taking her food. Select fine, soft zephyr—white is best—and, using a simple stitch, crochet a case that is long and wide enough to fit over the bottle and draw up about its neck with a narrow ribbon run through the top. Such a cover can also be made of silk or cotton yarn.

Instead of Scales.

As many families have no scales for weighing, this is a table of measures which can be used instead. Weighing is always best, but not always convenient. The cup used is the ordinary coffee or kitchen cup, holding half a pint. A set of tin measures, from a gill to a quart, is very useful in all cooking operations. One quart of sifted flour is one pound; one pint of granulated sugar is one pound; two cups of butter packed are one pound; five cupfuls of sifted flour are one pound; a wine glassful is half a gill; eight even teaspoonfuls are a gill; four even saltspoonfuls make a teaspoonful; a saltspoonful is a good measure of salt for all custards, puddings, blanc manges, etc.

For the Housewife.

If the cake flavoring has been forgotten when making the batter try sprinkling the required amount over the cake as it stands in the pan before baking.

If the collar bands of the shirt waists are left unstarched by the laundress the necks of the waists will not break so early as they ordinarily do.

Fasten a wire hook to the handle of a grape basket. Hang over line when hanging out clothes and push along before you, thus saving much time.

A quick way to mark linen, sheets, etc., is to write the name in pencil, then stitch over the line with a sewing machine, using a coarse thread and long stitch.

Cold water, with but little soap, should be used for washing colored silks. If the color runs, vinegar should be stirred into the water until the color sets.

If your furniture has grown dull and streaked try rubbing it with a flannel dipped in equal parts of turpentine and coal oil. It polishes quickly and much more cheaply than expensive polishes.

A johnny cake that is just as light when cold as when hot calls for a cupful of white flour, a cupful of Indian meal, a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, a cupful of sour milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter and a level teaspoonful of soda. It is necessary to use some judgment in regard to the quantity of soda. The sourer the milk the more soda will be required, and yet one must not put it in with too free a hand.

Fashion Notes.

Laces are being used in greater profusion than ever.

Plain, flat revers will be a predominating feature in spring suits.

Taffetas will be used a great deal in millinery during the coming season.

Draped toques of satin and changeable taffeta are extremely fashionable.

Pearl decorations have a wonderful popularity; they "belong" everywhere.

The liking for glowing red tones is evidenced in the newest gowns from Paris.

Whirls of breast feathers in various tintings with high upstanding quill points trim up hats remarkably well.

Gold and silver tissues are being made into hats for exclusive wear, and the trimmings of antique gold are chic, indeed.

The new lingerie blouses are to be trimmed with fichus, set up high on the waist and giving the effect of a collar.

There is a new cutaway coat, thirty-six inches long, single breasted, perfectly plain sleeves and very snug in fit.

There is a new sleeveless coat with a cape back crossing in front like a fichu. Puffings and ruchings of taffeta are used on frocks of serge.

The small draped toque retains its popularity. One of white velvet had a long white quill edged with seal placed at a jaunty angle to the left side.

Lovely separate blouses of velvet and chiffon are displayed. One of white brocaded velvet had the yoke and undersleeves fashioned of black mousseline de soie.

A blouse of dark blue satin was embroidered with scarlet silk. The design was arranged to form a yoke. Small buttons of scarlet silk were used as trimming.

The popularity of the rich brocaded silks and velvets marks the return of the Louis XIV coat. This style will appeal strongly to the woman who admires the dressy suit rather than the severe tailor made.

Fichus continue to be fashionable. Tulle, either plain or fringed, is the favorite material for making these pretty, cloud-like trimmings. They are used frequently to trim negligees of crepe de chine or soft satin.

Little or no false hair is now the fashion. Pompadours are entirely passe, and parts in the middle or on the side reign supreme. Ears are covered with soft, wavy strands of hair, and the Psyche knot is the favorite.

Several handsome new plaids are being shown. One of these has a background of white taffeta with widely spaced, broad, horizontal bars of colored satin. A narrow stripe of the satin runs parallel to and a short distance from each edge. These plaids are effective.

While the large collar is much in evidence, it is not as extreme as it was, and the revers are also a little smaller. A few collarless coats are being shown and many have collars and revers broken at the shoulder line instead of being made in one piece. Single revers are frequently seen, and the low side fastening is still much in evidence.

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HEALTH

Long Life.

Some people are physically and mentally capacitated for long life. They are those who seldom worry, who strive to whistle off troubles that would harass and depress other people; who are not mean or avaracious, always endeavoring to swell their savings, and sometimes losing sleep in their efforts to devise schemes to advance their selfish interests. Extremely selfish people are rarely cheerful, and are frequently moody, curt, and irritable. They are diseased in mind, and soon their bodies also become diseased, requiring medicaments to tone up their run-down systems. On the other hand, there are some persons of such noble and generous character that their nobility is reflected in their genial countenances. The world seems good to them, and they fully enjoy existence. The ordinary ills of life have very little effect upon them, and for years they appear to be either exempt from illness or survive it, as if it were but an emotion. Doctors, when called in to such genial persons, are always hopeful, assure the friends that there will be a rally soon, and administer as little medicine as possible. They know that genial and cheerful patients possess remarkable recuperative power. Then there are individuals who lack natural vigor, about whose "attacks," however slight they may appear, the doctors always ominously shake their heads. Something is wanting in them which furnishes the cheerful patient with staying power; but what is that something? We say it is a good constitution, but that is not answering the question. What is it that makes a good constitution. In our opinion it is an abundance of energy. The person whose body is abundantly supplied with this is the one, other things being equal, who will live longest. Energy and vitality are the products of good digestion and assimilation, and economy in their use. Such persons are far more fortunate than millionaires in the possession of the life-sustaining principle, and if ordinarily careful of their health are likely to live to old age.

■

In Cold Weather.

Eat the very best food your means will allow. Remember that you are working for your bread, and after you have earned it buy it. Good food comes back in firm flesh, pink cheeks and good spirits, which make you far more attractive and successful than any garment you could possibly buy.

Drink lots of water. If you are afraid of taking on too much weight do not drink with your meals, for that is the time when weight is added.

When working do not eat a heavy lunch. Have a good breakfast, because by the time you get to your work that is partly digested, but if you have a heavy lunch you are apt to feel sleepy. The big meal of the day should come at night.

In these cold days dress warmly. It is true that woolens are not beautiful, but they keep your skin a pretty color, with a smooth, even flow of blood, and they keep you from using up your energy and power in trying to keep warm.

Don't get jaded or overtired. There is no salary big enough to recompense you for that. Sacrifice a little salary for a position less trying if necessary. Ordinary work should not overtire a woman. If it does it is a sign she is not in good condition—she is not getting enough sleep nor food nor fresh air.

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Health Notes.

When finger nails show a tendency to brittleness, soak them in warm olive oil and let it stay on over night. Petroleum ointment is nearly as good.

A very good way to treat an invalid's hair at the trying combing out time is to divide the hair, put half over a small pillow, a couple of inches from the ends, then further up, a few inches at a time, always holding the hair near the head to avoid pulling. Braid very loosely, as a tight braid is sure to cause discomfort. Follow this plan with the other half, then band the braids smoothly around the head.

The golden time for exercise is when the system is neither fatigued nor depressed. A robust person may take a moderate amount of exercise before breakfast. Those inclined to be frail and apt to feel faint before breakfast and languid in the early part of the day should not exercise until three hours after breakfast. An evening walk will often induce sleep. All exercise must be taken in moderation to bring about good results.

The person who wishes to keep well and look well should cultivate a belief in water. Every woman who values her complexion should drink six glasses of cold water a day. If desired, the glass taken before retiring and the first thing in the morning may be hot, with a pinch of salt in it. Have regular hours for taking the water. The periods may be divided in the following manner: In the morning as soon as you rise and the last thing before retiring at night, a half-hour before luncheon and dinner and in the middle of the morning and afternoon.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom. Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your sorrows. Learn to see the bright side of things. If you cannot see good in the world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear them. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good humored man or woman is always welcome but the hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere.

Every woman has experienced the mortification of one of those exasperating hacking little coughs which tickle the throat and seem to grow worse the more one tries to overcome it. It always comes just at a time when the kindly coughdrop has been left at home and it is impossible to procure the saving sip of water. Many a woman has hastily left her seat in church with the echo of the hacking cough following her down the aisle and into the vestibule, when the trouble might have been conquered in a simple way. A coughdrop is not at all essential to the stopping of a tickling cough. A bit of paper torn from the corner of a hymnbook leaf or any available pamphlet or leaflet will answer as well, as the bit of hoarhound or licorice for the action of the throat muscles in masticating the bit of paper and the consequent flow of saliva soon eases the cough and by the time the paper is reduced to a pulp the cough will have ceased and one's nervousness be gone.

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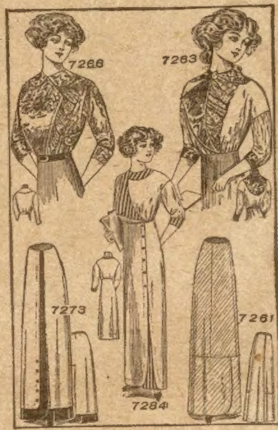

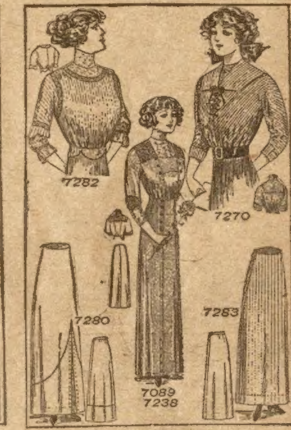

7266—Blouse Closing in Front, sizes 34 to 42 bust. For the medium size will be required 3 yards 36 inches wide with ¾ yard of lace 7½ inches wide for the frill.

7263—Fancy Blouse for Misses and Small Women, sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16-year size will be required 2 yards 36 inches wide with ¾ yard 21 inches wide for collar, revers and cuffs, ⅝ yard of lace 6 inches wide for the frill.

7284—Semi-Princesse Gown, 34 to 42 inches bust. For the medium size will be required 5⅛ yards 36 inches wide with 1¼ yards of trimming; the width of skirt at lower edge is 2⅛ yards.

7273—Three-Piece Skirt, sizes 22 to 32 waist. For the medium size will be required 3¾ yards of material 36 inches wide with 1¾ yards 20 for the trimming portion; width of skirt at lower edge 2¼ yards.

7261—Four-Gored Skirt with Two-Piece Lower Section, 22 to 32 Waist. For the medium size the skirt will require 4¾ yards 36 inches wide; width of skirt at lower edge is 2¼ yards.

7282—Fancy Blouse, sizes 34 to 42 bust. For the medium size will be required 2 yards of material 36 inches wide, with 3½ yards of banding, 1 yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide and 1 yard of lace for the frills.

7270—Blouse with Front Closing for Misses and Small Women, sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16-year size will be required 1⅝ yards 36 inches wide with ½ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette.

7089—Fancy Blouse, 34 to 44 bust. 7238—Four-Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 waist. For the medium size the blouse will require 1⅛ yards 36 inches wide with ⅓ yard 18 inches wide for fancy collar and cuffs, ⅞ yard 18 inches wide for chemisette and under-sleeves; for the skirt will be needed 3¾ yards 36 inches wide; the width of the skirt at lower edge is 2⅜ yards.

7280—Two-Piece Skirt with Trimming Portion, sizes 22 to 30 waist. For the medium size the plain skirt will require 2⅝ yards 36 inches wide; for the trimming portion will be needed 2¼ yards 36 inches wide; the width of skirt at lower edge is 2⅛ yards.

7283—Two-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16-year size will be required 2¼ yards 36 inches wide; width of skirt at lower edge 1⅞ yards.

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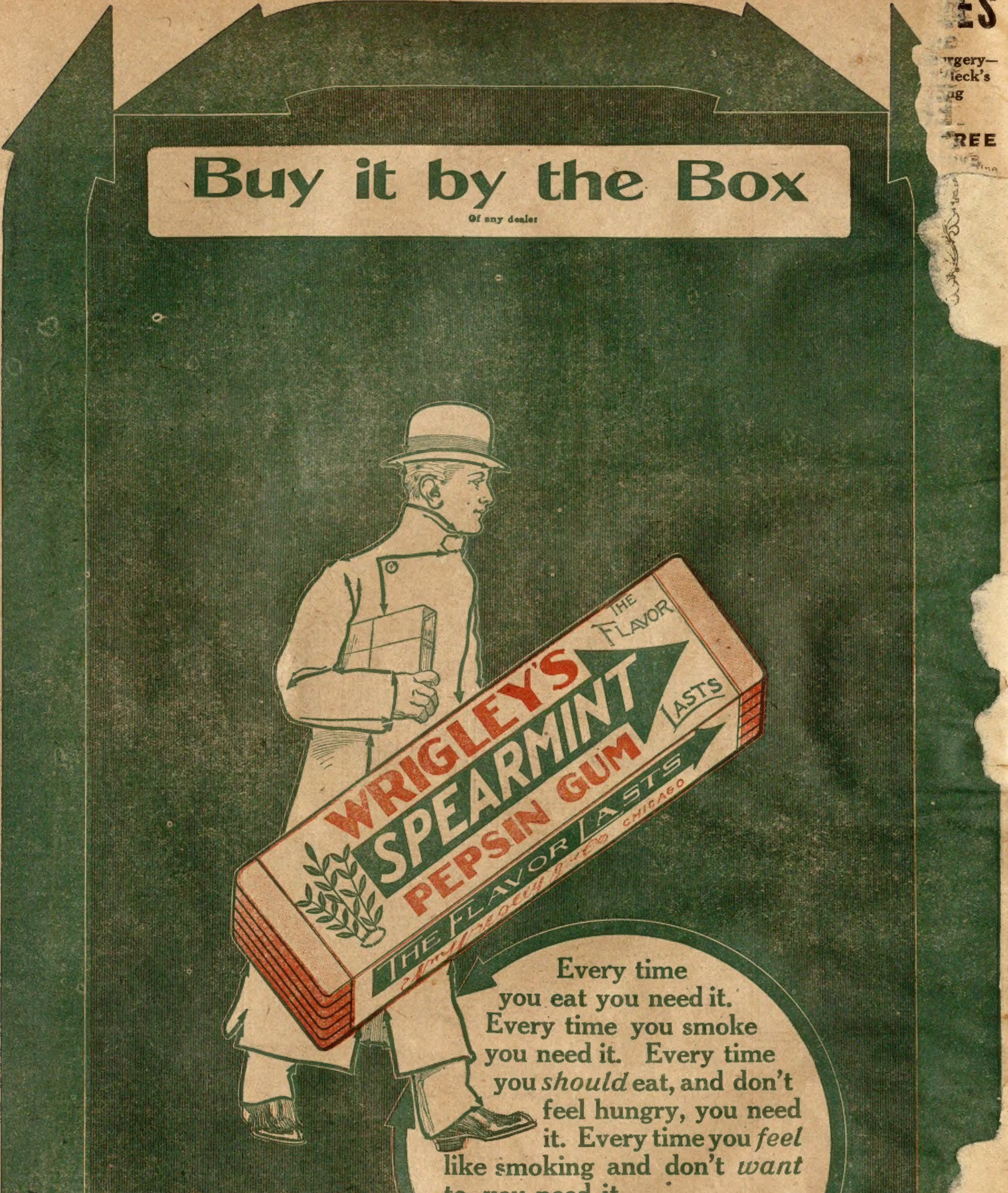
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